

RUNNING A CAMPAIGN—Richard Croker

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# COLLIER'S

## WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM A SKETCH BY A GERMAN NAVAL OFFICER

### CHASING FILIBUSTERS IN CHINESE WATERS

A GERMAN TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA IN CHASE OF A CHINESE FILIBUSTER IN THE YELLOW SEA



# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

## EDITORIAL PAGE

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### GERMANY AND CHINA

SINCE THE OUTBREAK of the troubles in Pekin, the questions which have most perplexed students of the Chinese situation have been connected with the attitude of Germany. What is the programme of the Berlin Foreign Office?—that is the crux of the whole problem. What is the nature and extent of the reparation which Kaiser William II. is determined to exact for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, his official representative? Will he be satisfied with the condign punishment of the persons principally responsible for that crime and with a moderate pecuniary indemnity such as China could pay without straining her fiscal resources? Or will the damages insisted upon by him be purposely made so large that China, unable to meet the demand in cash, will be constrained to offer in lieu thereof territorial compensation? Then, too, there is the question of guarantees against a repetition of the recent outrages. Does the German Emperor hold that no trustworthy guarantee can be furnished unless the present Manchu dynasty is overthrown and superseded by a native Chinese ruler, as, for example, a descendant of the Ming? It is obvious that these inquiries go to the root of the matter. Let them be authoritatively answered and we can at once foresee whether or no China is to be dismembered or plunged in chaos and anarchy for a long term of years. Such being the importance of authentic information on these points, our readers will be glad to see the article which we print elsewhere from the pen of Baron Speck von Sternburg, formerly a member of the Samoan Commission, and afterward Charge d'Affaires at the German Embassy in Washington. We scarcely need point out that no diplomatist is allowed to define in print his country's policy, except with the express consent of his Government. In this instance, not only has Baron von Sternburg received permission from his imperial master to discuss the Chinese policy of Germany, but the article which we publish will be submitted to the Emperor's eye. What we here present may be fairly described as an official document, practically emanating from the highest possible source, and embodying a declaration of the views and purposes of the Berlin Foreign Office with regard to the Middle Kingdom.

### THE GENERAL ELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN

AT THE HOUR when we write, the general election in the United Kingdom is so nearly finished that the outcome may be definitely stated. As everybody expected, the Conservatives will remain in power, but their majority will be less by some ten or twelve than that of 152 which they secured five years ago. The result must be a disappointment to Lord Salisbury, and it throws doubt on the wisdom of the decision formed by him to order a general election at this time. According to statute, the last Parliament had before it nearly two years of life, and even, according to the precedent usually followed, at least a twelvemonth. Why, then, put the United Kingdom to the expense and trouble of a general election at the present juncture? The answer commonly given is that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain believed that they were certain of obtaining from the constituencies an emphatic vote of confidence, attested by a majority considerably larger than that which they secured on the last appeal to the ballot-box, and which itself was materially greater than any gained by a political party in the United Kingdom since the passage of the first Reform Act. If this, indeed, was the expectation of the Ministers named, it has been unfulfilled, as we have said. It may be true, however, that the majority, though smaller than it was in 1895, is a good deal larger than it would have been had the trial of strength at the ballot-box been postponed until next spring. It now looks as if the Liberals may be reunited. They might be consolidated under Sir William Harcourt, if he would accept the leadership. The fact is not to be overlooked that it is the followers of Lord Rosebery who have lost seats for the Liberals, and that it is those of Sir William Harcourt who have gained them. The inference is that Lord Rosebery must renounce the hope of recovering the headship of the Liberal party. An interesting feature of the election is the circumstance that the Irish Nationalists will have precisely the same number of representatives (82) in the next House of Commons which they had in the last. They would probably have carried 86 constituencies but for the fact that the Healyites put forward some 30 candidates in opposition to the nominees of the United Irish League, which represents Redmond, Dillon and William O'Brien, and actually succeeded in electing five of them, including Timothy Healy himself.

### THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST FORECAST

WE HAVE PREVIOUSLY referred to the predictions of the outcome of the Presidential election made respectively by members of the Democratic and Republican National Committees. The latest venture in the

field of political prophecy emanates from the campaign committee of the Greater New York Association of Anti-Imperialist Clubs, which, while opposed to Mr. Bryan on the Free Silver question, consider Imperialism the dominant issue, and for that reason are determined to support him. On some accounts the estimate deserves careful attention, though we are unable to accept it in at least two particulars. No reasonable person will dispute the soundness of the computation which assigns to Mr. Bryan not only Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, but also Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Utah. We deem it reasonable also to give him Kentucky and Nebraska, although the Republicans are making energetic efforts to carry both of those States. Thus far, it will be observed that Mr. Bryan is credited with 166 electoral votes. The Anti-Imperialist Campaign Committee goes on to express the opinion that Mr. Bryan has a better chance than his opponent of carrying Indiana, Maryland, Michigan and Minnesota. We consider that there are good grounds for the prediction so far as Indiana and Maryland are concerned, but the Democratic candidate has much less chance of gaining the 14 electoral votes of Michigan and the 9 votes of Minnesota than he has of securing the 4 votes of South Dakota, the 3 votes of Wyoming and the 10 votes of Kansas, all three of which States he carried four years ago. He is also more likely to get the 6 votes of West Virginia and the 3 votes of Delaware, though both of these States chose Republican electors in 1896, than he is to overcome the majorities obtained by Mr. McKinley in Michigan and Minnesota, which, in each case, exceeded 53,000. While some of the details, however, of the Anti-Imperialist calculation seem to us inadmissible, we are not inclined at the present stage of the canvass to dispute the conclusion that, should Mr. Bryan carry New York, he will become President. The greatly increased registration in the State of New York outside of the city of that name strikes us as extremely significant. It is well known that in 1896 the Republicans outside the city brought to the ballot-box every voter whom they could reach. Not so with the Democrats, scores of thousands of whom remained at home, because they did not like to vote for Bryan and Free Silver, and yet could not bring themselves to support a Republican candidate. Evidently those stay-at-home Democrats are coming to the polls this year, and it is unreasonable to suppose that they are more friendly to Mr. McKinley than they were four years ago. We do not hesitate to predict that the Republican majority outside of the great city will be materially cut down from the figures reached at the last election. Whether the reduction will be marked enough to give the State to Mr. Bryan is, of course, a different question.

### A FORECAST OF THE ELECTION IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA

THE OTTAWA PARLIAMENT has been dissolved, and a new Canadian House of Commons will presently be chosen. Upon what issues will the contest turn and what is likely to be its outcome? Will the present Liberal Government be defeated, or, if successful, will it find its majority materially reduced? Let us glance, first, at the grounds upon which its overthrow is demanded by the Conservative leaders, among whom the most conspicuous are Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Hugh Macdonald, son of the late Sir John Macdonald. Sir Charles accuses Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the latter's colleagues of grave breaches of faith. They have broken, he says, many of the promises which they made four years ago, and upon the strength of which they were intrusted with power by the Canadian people. It is alleged, for instance, that the present Prime Minister has gravely violated the spirit, if not the letter, of a Dominion statute, for the reason that since 1896 he has appointed thirteen members of the Ottawa Parliament to office, while of such appointments during the preceding eighteen years of Conservative administration there were but seventeen. It is also pointed out that the present Ministers when in opposition attacked the extravagance of Conservative governments, and pledged themselves to give the country an economical regime. Yet, as a matter of fact, there has been during the last four years a decided increase in the public expenditure. Then, again, it is contended that the government, having authorized a referendum on the subject of prohibition, ought to have held itself bound by the result, which showed a slight preponderance of prohibitionist votes, whereas Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to accept the verdict of the people which he had himself requested. The taxpayers are also invited to condemn the subsidies that have been made to certain railroads, and particularly to the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, and the augmented outlay for the promotion of immigration and for the administration of justice. The chief ground, however, upon which Sir Charles Tupper assails the present administration

is the gratuitous preference of 33½ per cent, which, under the present tariff, is given to commodities imported from Great Britain. According to Sir Charles, such a preference ought to have been held up as a prize to British manufacturers, and to have been conceded only in exchange for an equivalent. The equivalent which he has in mind is the concession of a preference to Canadian food products in the markets of the United Kingdom. In Sir Charles Tupper's opinion, such a preference could be secured by continuing to admit Canadian food staples duty free while imposing duties upon like commodities from other countries, such as the United States, Russia and Argentina. If such duties were sufficiently high, they would give Canada a monopoly of the British market so far as importations of grain are concerned, and would impart a tremendous stimulus to the development of British North America.

The Liberals on their part admit that the public expenditure of the Dominion has increased under their administration, but they maintain that the increment has benefited the country, the proof being that the national revenues have been proportionally augmented. As for the money disbursed for railroads and canals, these, they say, were needed to improve the national facilities for transportation. If the postal revenue shows a small deficit, this is attributed to the introduction of penny postage, and the experience of other countries has demonstrated that the ultimate result of such an innovation will be a surplus. As for Sir Charles Tupper's proposal to demand a preference in British markets for Canadian food staples, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues assert that there is not the slightest ground for expecting that such a concession would be made, the most influential members of the present British Government having announced a determination not to deviate from the traditional principles of free trade. To the charge that the concession of a preference to British manufactures in Canadian markets was gratuitous the Liberal Premier replies that Canada receives a full equivalent not only because her products are admitted to British ports duty free, but also because the mother country relieves her from the burden of supporting a navy, a standing army and a diplomatic service. After all, however, the chief argument for the retention of the Liberals in power is the remarkable prosperity which the Dominion has enjoyed under their administration. It is undeniable that Canada's foreign commerce has increased twice as much since 1896 as it increased in the preceding eighteen years when the Conservatives were in office. Moreover, instead of an annual deficit, the Liberals are able to point to an annual surplus. It is on this issue of prosperity that the contest is likely to turn. There are at present in the Ottawa House of Commons 213 seats, distributed as near as possible in proportion to population, so far as the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba are concerned; in British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, the constituencies are smaller. In Ontario, to which 92 seats are allotted, 45 were secured in 1896 by the Liberals and seven others fell to Independents, most of whom have voted for Ministerial measures. The Conservatives are counting upon great gains in this province, and it is by no means improbable that they may carry some five or six more constituencies than they did four years ago. Of the sixty-five seats belonging to the province of Quebec the supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were successful in fifty-one at the last general election. Here, also, the Conservatives expect to do better this year, but it is doubtful whether they will win more than three additional seats. Of the twenty members sent by Nova Scotia to the last House of Commons twelve were Liberals, and the prospect is that the Government will do a little better in the approaching contest. In the last House the Liberal Government managed to get on most occasions seven supporters from the fourteen representatives of New Brunswick, and it seems to be generally conceded that they will slightly improve their position in this province. Of the five constituencies in Prince Edward Island it is probable that three will remain under Liberal control. We observe next that Manitoba was represented in the last Parliament by five Ministerialists and two members of the Opposition. It would not be surprising if this proportion were reversed, for the Conservatives, under the effective leadership of Mr. Hugh Macdonald, are much stronger in this province than they were four years ago. Much the same thing may be said of British Columbia, which sent to Ottawa four Liberals and two Conservatives; now the Conservatives are likely to gain at least two seats. We may note, finally, that the four members from the Northwest Territories will probably be equally divided. From these estimates we reach the conclusion that the Liberals will retain office at the coming general election, but that their majority will fall below that which they commanded in the last House of Commons, and which varied from forty to fifty-two, according as they did or did not obtain the Independent vote.





## GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY IN CHINA

By BARON SPECK VON STERNBURG, Charge d'Affaires at the German Embassy, Washington

NOTE.—The Editor begs to call attention to the editorial notice under the head of "Germany and China," which appears on the opposite page, commenting on the following article.

**S**HORTLY after the outbreak of the terrible anti-foreign movement in China, two of the great world powers clearly defined the policies they intended to carry out there in the interest of the restoration of peace and order. These two powers were the United States and Germany, whose interests have been running in parallel lines in China ever since they laid the foundation of their trade and commerce in the Far East. The policy of Germany was defined in a circular note to the confederated German Governments issued by Count Bülow on July 11. Beginning with a résumé of the situation in China, the circular continues as follows:

"We must protect our ideal and material interests with our utmost energy. We have no desire for a division of China and do not seek special advantages. The Imperial Government is convinced that the maintenance of an understanding with the powers is a necessary condition to the restoration of peace and order in China. Its policy will continue with this purpose foremost."

Among the various comments on Count Bülow's circular I mention here one published in the Washington "Evening Star," of July 13. It reads as follows:

"The State Department is much gratified at the statements attributed to Count Bülow. The outline of his note to the German States is contained in the press despatches of this morning. In the absence of the full text of the note, the officials here read in the abstract a complete reaffirmation of the principles laid down by Secretary Hay, as guiding the policy of the United States concerning China. Some of the declarations of the German Secretary of State might almost be regarded as paraphrases of the United States note on the subject."

Now let us see what the note of Secretary Hay of July 3 says. After reviewing the situation in China, Secretary Hay remarks:

"The purpose of the President is, as it has been heretofore, to act concurrently with the other powers, first in opening up communication with Pekin and rescuing the American officials, missionaries and other Americans who are in danger; secondly, in affording all possible protection everywhere in China to American life and property; thirdly, in guarding and protecting all legitimate American interests; and fourthly, in aiding to prevent a spread of the disorders to the other provinces of the empire, and a recurrence of such disasters. It is, of course, too early to forecast the means of attaining this last result, but the policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to the friendly powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

The comparison of the two notes will clearly prove the identity of the interests and purposes of these two powers in China and show how thoroughly the United States and Germany are in accord as regards the true policy to be followed there. As to the note of Secretary Hay, it would be hardly necessary to point out here the unanimous praise and approval it has received not only in the United States but among every nation of the world which is honestly interested in the speedy restoration of peace and order in China.

### MILITARY MEASURES

Count Bülow's circular further contains the following remarks as regards the measures taken by Germany (and the powers) to subdue the outbreak of the Boxers:

"Until June 28, Germany had landed at Taku 46 officers and 1,500 men, with 4 guns and 7 machine guns. At the same time the Russians had disembarked 6,000 men, Great Britain 3,000 men, Japan 4,000 men, France 400 men, and the United States 50 men. To these were added minor contingents of Austria and Italy. Considerable reinforcements have since then been arriving. As regards Germany, a formidable force was embarked on July 3 at Wilhelmshaven on the transports *Wittekind* and *Frankfurt*, composed of two marine battalions on war footing, a battery of 6 field guns, 100 sappers and telegraphers, and a medical detachment, altogether 69 officers and 2,432 men. In addition, the first division of the first naval squadron received orders to proceed to China. It is composed of the first-class battleships *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*, *Brandenburg*, *Weissenberg* and *Wörth*, and the despatch boat *Hela*. The battleships are of the same type, about 12,000 tons displacement, each carrying six 11-inch guns distributed in three turrets, besides powerful medium and secondary batteries. A combined brigade, composed of volunteers, sailed shortly after. It consists of eight battalions of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, four batteries of field artillery with the necessary com-

missariat and munition wagons. All these forces have now arrived in China, and with them Field Marshal Count Waldersee, who, according to an agreement among the powers, has been chosen commander-in-chief of the combined allied forces. The world knows Count Waldersee. He has gained his laurels on the bloody battlefield and in the chancelleries of diplomacy. His wisdom and far sight are a powerful guarantee for a satisfactory solution of the Chinese problem. "Si vis pacem para bellum"—that is the reason his imperial master backed him with such mighty forces."

As regards the sending out of these before-mentioned troops, Count Bülow's circular says:

"The military measures we have carried through are to empower us to join in the military action which the powers have deemed necessary, in such a manner as to be commensurate with the political importance of Germany."

The circular further points out how the German missions, the prospering German trade and the enterprises in Shantung are equally menaced, and it is Germany's duty to protect both her ideal and material interests with all possible emphasis.

"The aim we are following," Count Bülow continues, "is the reestablishment of the safety of German citizens, German property and German enterprises in China, rescue of the foreigners besieged in Pekin, reestablishment and safeguarding of orderly conditions under a proper Chinese Government, and expiation and satisfaction for the crimes committed." Here follow the above-cited declarations that Germany does not desire the partition of China and is not aiming at special advantages. An examination of the programme of Germany will prove it to be both simple and moderate. It only refers



WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY

to that which can be done and to the most urgent needs of the situation, and it removes all doubts which have been spread in various quarters as regards certain selfish ambition.

### COMMERCIAL INVASION OF CHINA

In 1891 I was appointed First Secretary of Legation in Pekin. Arriving at Shanghai during the middle of December, I found the northern ports closed by ice, so the only means to reach Pekin was by an overland journey. I went up the Yangtze-Kiang as far as Ching-Kiang. There I selected some good ponies for myself, my servant and muffs (groom), and shaped my course northward. My journey took me through the provinces of Kiangsu, Shantung and Chili. The distance of the journey was about 700 miles. I started on December 15 and reached Pekin on New Year's morning, easily beating the record of the few white men who had ever undertaken the trip. As to the impressions during my first experience in the Flowery Kingdom, it seemed to me like moving over a new planet, and the hardships of the winter trip I never noticed. My colleagues in Pekin were much surprised at my quick and safe arrival.

"How did you ever manage to get through a country where only a few months ago those terrible riots occurred [meaning the regions of the Yangtze River]. Were you not mobbed? Did you not suffer the most terrible privations?"

These were the questions I had to answer for the next few days. All I could say was that I had fared remarkably well,

and found the Chinese, from the mandarin down to the coolie, an extraordinarily kind-hearted, well-meaning and obliging individual, who seemed to bear his heavy daily burden better and with more humor than any other mortal. On arrival at Shanghai, it struck me that in that large city it was not possible for me to hunt up a single foreigner who was able to give the plainest hints as to overland travelling in China. Nobody there ever seemed to have attempted it, and I was rather locked upon as a reckless and adventurous character. I found it best to trust to my own judgment and rely on my men. On arrival in Pekin I was greatly surprised to find the same ignorance prevailing regarding conditions in the interior. I simply did not meet a single man who had ever come in touch with the pulse of the country (barring some missionaries I met later on), except on the short and hard-trodden path from Tientsin to Pekin. Men were there who had lived many, even twenty, years in China, and who had never got beyond the Temples in the Northern Hills, about fifteen miles distant from the walls of Pekin. They were filled to the brim with knowledge which they soon began to turn on in streams, but it all had the smack of the book, gathered within the close quadrangles of the Pekin compounds. These men were no better off than if they had collected their information in the heart of a Western city. They never had really felt the breath of China's millions or ever touched the pulse of the vast stretches of the country. It did not take me long to recognize that I had a "pull" with them even after my short experience, and I decided to add to it as soon as an occasion should offer itself.

Reading the first telegrams regarding the terrible fate of the foreigners in Pekin, hopelessly trapped between the walls of their compounds, the day of my arrival in that city and my first impressions received there nine years ago stood vividly before my eyes. Time and space are too short to enter into details of my first and following travels in China, but I should like to mention here some facts in relation to the character of the Chinese which seems so universally to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. Anybody who may have made a study of the early history of China, say until the year 1842, when the first treaties with the Western nations were ratified, will note, perhaps with some surprise, what marked changes have taken place in the Chinaman after that time with regard to his attitude toward the foreigner. This time marks the beginning of a new and more active era of foreign commerce and influence in China. The "foreign devil" is the product of these treaties. Anterior to them, the white man was welcomed and treated as a friend.

No suspicion was displayed by the yellow man when he saw the foreigner moor his ships in the crowded rivers and elbow his way through the din of the packed streets of seaboard and river cities and towns with a keen eye for a bargain. Look at the paintings you sometimes see on old vases and other objects of art of the last century, especially belonging to the so-called Jesuit style of China, and you will frequently notice the flabby Dutchman in knickerbockers and frilled shirt, smoking his clay pipe and sipping his wine in company with some philosophic looking mandarin, as if they were both discussing the pros and cons of the golden millennium. Such happy days once existed in far Cathay, and even at the court of the mighty Tartar ruler, Kublikan, in the northern palace (Pekin), the Italian traveller and gentleman, Marco Polo, was enjoying luxuries eight hundred years ago such as his home, Venice, then the centre of wealth, art and refinement in Europe, had never dreamed of. But many centuries passed by until the first Western nations really began to take a foothold in China. First came the Portuguese, but the wily and tough Dutchman soon knocked him out, and afterward, for many years, monopolized the rich commerce between the Chinese ports and the Schelde, the Maas and the Rhine. At that time, troubles were but little known. The Dutchman had carefully studied and fathomed the philosophy of his prosperous customer and based his dealings with him on this: so he filled his pockets and smoked his pipes in freedom. At that epoch, France was also very active in China, but in quite a different line. As the vanguard of her commerce, she had sent out the crafty Jesuit, whose diplomatic genius was first to smooth the paths for trade in store, and to win the affections of the high and mighty. No men, after the time of the Buddhist missionaries, a few centuries after Christ, ever met with such remarkable success as these great masters of the art of diplomacy. They soon discovered, like the wily Hollanders in the seaport cities, that the policy of patience and persuasion was the only one from which success could be expected, and this policy has been adhered to by every foreigner who has been successful in China, up to this very day; though he may have labored as a diplomatist, consul, merchant or missionary. Inch by inch these wise fathers moved on, using gentle pressure, never noticeable, and carefully avoiding force and friction; like the patient jade carver, who grinds and drills away for years and years at a precious vase around the body of which he is shaping the form of a prancing dragon, knowing that a too hasty pressure would jeopardize his very future existence. But the advent of the Anglo-Saxon, with his pro-

MINISTER CONGER



PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ARTHUR G. JOHNSON

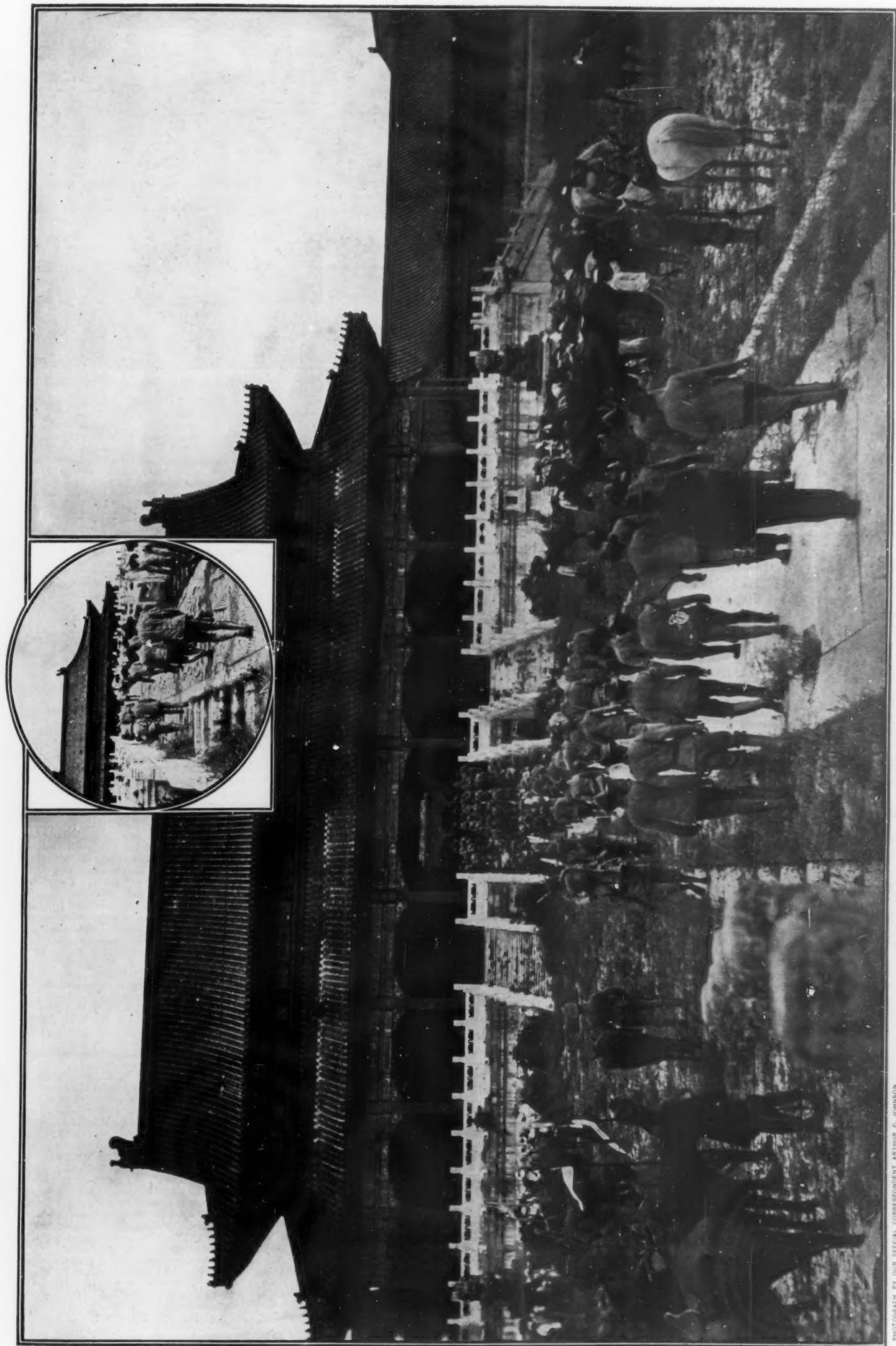
# THE ALLIES PARADING IN "THE FORBIDDEN CITY" OF PEKIN

THREE HUNDRED AMERICAN SOLDIERS MARCHING OUT OF THE NORTH GATE ON AUGUST 28, 1900. THEY WERE SALUTED BY A RUSSIAN BATTALION TO THE RIGHT, AND ONE OF JAPANESE TO THE LEFT. TWO RUSSIAN BANDS AND THE BRITISH RAJPUT BAGPIPE CORPS—COMPOSED OF SIKHS—PLAYED WHILE THE TROOPS MARCHED OUT



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## INVASION OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND OTHERS, AFTER "STACKING ARMS" AT THE SOUTH GATE, ENTERING ONE OF THE COURTS LEADING TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE. DETACHMENTS OF BRITISH, RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE CAVALRY ARE ON GUARD AT EACH SIDE. THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS AMERICAN INFANTRY APPROACHING A "COURT"—(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)



MAJOR-GENERAL CHAFFEE (1) AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL BARRY (2) AND STAFF, AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS, READY TO MARCH INTO "THE FORBIDDEN CITY" OF PEKIN

gressive and conquering instincts, not content to move by inches, but to bound by miles, soon drove off the Dutchman, taking up his rich trade. The great Kanghi, the Louis XIV. of China—under whom the country had reached the climax of power, wealth and influence, and toward which the powers of Europe turned their eyes in awe and reverence—had died in 1723. After the short reign of his son, Yung Cheng, his grandson, Kien Lung, took the Dragon Throne in Peking. These two "Bogdokhans" were also mighty men and much feared rulers and conquerors; but when Kien Lung joined his ancestors in 1796 he had reached the age of ninety years, and his great intellect and energy had waned. At the death of Kien Lung set in the decay which afterward so rapidly spread over the empire. His successors were young and short-lived. The female began to exert her influence in the palace, and when the Anglo-Saxon used the opium as a means to force a war on China she had sadly lost her backbone, and, in the following years of troubles, was more and more at the mercy of the West. Treaties were then either made or enforced by the leading powers. But after many years of bloodshed and unrest, even the Anglo-Saxon began to feel that the policy of force and coercion, the so-called "gunboat" policy, was not a paying thing, and only checked trade and commerce. After the war of 1860, he found it wiser to submit to the higher influence and to replace the policy of force and brutality by that of peace, patience and persuasion, borrowed from the Jesuit, who had clearly proved its success by almost converting the great Kanghi to Christianity. The foremost promoters of this policy among the Anglo-Saxons were Sir Harry Parks, Sir Thomas Wade, former British Ministers to Peking, and several men who rose from their schools, which, until about three years ago, remained the standard for every diplomat and foreign official in China, who, according to his individual metal, brains and energy, followed it with more or less success. If you examine the men who have successfully represented the different powers in China since the Treaty of Tien-tsin, in 1860, you will notice that they have worked closely along these lines. Look at the names of Burlingame, Lay, Ward, Colonel Denby, aided by his son and clever scholar, Charles, and Professor Martin, America's great diplomatists and students in China. And at the Englishman, Sir Robert Hart, and the Germans, Von Brandt and Dr. Stuebel. I omit Count Cassini, that grand master both of Eastern and Western diplomacy, and other Russians, because Russia's diplomacy in the East, especially in China, has always been that of firm patience, persuasion and reason, and that of arms only in isolated cases. Take Russia's winning of northern Asia and her steady and peaceful advance southward, and see how little blood she has spilled. When I arrived in Peking, this policy still prevailed. Each representative would pay his visits to the Tsung-li Yamen, hammer away for hours at one question, and after carrying on this practice, perhaps for weeks and even months, in connection with the traditional sipping of tea and paying of compliments, he would be perfectly satisfied and happy if he could move his log one inch.

This happy state of affairs, which meant slow but sure progress of commerce and good feeling, was brought to an end by the Japanese war. Though the war had little, if any, effect on China and the Chinese in general, it more or less caused a change of policy in Peking. The era of loans, railway and mining concessions began, and almost every week brought some promoter to Peking who used all his efforts to have his scheme thrust under the noses of those who were representing the Son of Heaven. As I mentioned, China, before the Japanese war, was moving, but expert hands were at the helm so as to keep up a steady course, carefully hugging the gentle waters of the shores. But, alas! after the Japanese war the demon of international jealousy, which the united grip of firm hands had so far been able to control, broke loose. The policy of peace was rapidly vanishing. The edifice, so carefully built up by patience and persuasion, showed alarming signs of crumbling, and the terrible catastrophe, brought on by its final collapse, has shaken the world to its very foundations.

#### CONFUCIUS, THE FATHER OF CHINA

Just after the Chino-Japanese war I visited the ancestral home of Kung-Fu-Tze, whom we have named Confucius, the great teacher and philosopher, who, though he died about two thousand five hundred years ago, still stamps his mark on every Chinaman who is born to toil with the teeming millions of his brethren. I met the present representative of this, by far the most ancient and famous family of the world, living in the same palace (Fu) which his great ancestor once occu-

piated—since then, of course, frequently renewed. He was the seventy-sixth descendant of the great sage, with a clean and unbroken record. Kung-Fu-Tze the seventy-sixth enjoys the official title "The Saint," and is greatly honored and revered by the Manchu dynasty, especially by the present emperor, who, at the time of my visit, had honored him with a large grant of land, comprising several thousand acres. I was acquainted with his father-in-law, one of the leading members of the Tsung-li Yamen. Confucius the seventy-sixth had no striking characteristics. As to his habits of daily life, he closely followed the traditional path of his ancestor, took his regular walks on the bank of the sacred river, treading the very paths the great sage had trodden twenty-five hundred years ago. We sipped tea and discussed philosophy, and my faithful, aged butler, Lingfu, acted as interpreter. Probably we were even sipping the same brand of tea the great sage had once selected, and perhaps sitting on his favorite spot, and I felt as if by some mystic influence I had been put back to the time he was living, and that any moment he might step in to claim a cup of tea and ask me why things were going wrong in China. If you want to get at the bottom of politics, art, philosophy, the characteristics of the people, in fact of every question touching China and the Chinese, and want to be really successful, you must first devote life and soul to the study of their religions, or, rather, religion. Here lies the key to the soul of the Chinaman, otherwise he will remain forever an enigma to the Western observer. I have met foreigners who have spent twenty or more years in China, but as regards the characteristics of the people they seem to be just as wise, or perhaps even less wise, than they were on the day of their arrival. Most all foreigners there seem to try to impress on you that it is altogether useless to even attempt to fathom the Chinese character. It soon became clear to me that most of these men had never handled this problem at the right end. Even among the oldest hands I met—missionaries, merchants, diplomatists, customs officials, and others—I was surprised to find how blurred their ideas often were as regarded the questions relating to the religions of China. It seems as if the more books are written on China the more public opinion is getting confounded as regards that country.

#### THE QUESTION OF RELIGION

As to the religions in China, there practically exists at the present date but one—that of Confucius. Buddhism came, prospered and decayed as the centuries rolled by. Taoism, the doctrines of Lao Tze, met the same fate. Both have been so blurred by time that they have altogether lost their original characteristics, so that now you cannot make head or tail of them, and they are now running, more or less, in the channels of the all-absorbing Confucianism. To this I beg to draw the reader's special attention, as I think it will enable him to look, perhaps in a somewhat different light, at the great problem which, since a few months, confronts the world. China is the only country on earth, which, since the very foundation of religious ideas (the world's authority on this question, Professor Legge, puts this time 4,000 to 6,000 B.C.), has believed in one Lord, God Almighty, Ruler of Heaven and Earth—the Tien Ti, meaning the Heavenly Lord. This statement may surprise and perhaps even shock many readers, but let me further explain it. In all the later changes the ancient religion of China underwent—I exclude Buddhism and Taoism—the Chinese strictly adhered to the monotheistic principle, unaffected by the polytheistic fancies of their neighbors, the Aryans. When Confucius began to expound his teachings, the ancient teachings had sadly decayed and become forgotten. In consequence, China (I mean that part of the country between the two great rivers, the Hoang-Ho and Yangtze-Kiang, forming the nucleus of the country, and producing its great rulers and teachers, and to which also Confucius confined his travels and teachings) had fallen into a pitiful state of political decay. If you study the sacred old books written before and shortly after the death of the great sage, you will find that Confucius, in building up the forgotten creeds, repeatedly emphasizes that he is not the founder of a new religion but simply a restorer and preserver of the old creeds. He further proclaims that he is not a saint nor ever acted under any supernatural influence, though his followers insist on calling him "The equal to Heaven One." The sage's foremost aim was to weed out the masses of mysticisms and the superstitions which, owing to the influence of the doctrines of the Veda, had poisoned China's ancient creeds and shaken her monotheistic belief in heaven and the God therein. His further aim and ambition was to

give the people a religion, easily to be understood by the ignorant masses, simple and free from all mysticism and supernatural influences. How careful he was in his attempts to banish the latter is proved by his discussions relating to the settlement of questions concerning religious sacrifices and rites. He lays down the strict rule that they must be offered to one Being alone, to the great Tien Ti, the Lord Master, representing heaven and earth; in fact, the whole of the universe. Here Confucius undoubtedly had an eye on the dual system of the Veda, which he was anxious to stamp out so as to eliminate the pernicious Veda doctrines which were threatening to destroy the virility of China. Still further, his aim was to restore the old religion, which, according to Legge, never had anything common with the religion of the Aryans, as is so often believed. Hence we find that the Chinese religion, especially as afterward reestablished by Confucius, lacks all poetry on account of the absence of things supernatural, superhuman and miraculous, such as we find among the Taoists and in the later and more corrupt Buddhist schools of India, China and Tibet, from which Christianity has so largely borrowed. As regards the great problems of the Christian religion—the soul, intercourse between God and man, life after death, immortality, eternity—Confucius distinctly points out the danger of discussing, even of thinking of them. As before stated, the old sage was above all a practical thinker, and, besides this, he was a far-seeing statesman. His main and sole object was to propagate a religious system which would create general good behavior and replace the alarmingly spreading vices among the masses of the country by virtue and unselfishness. The keynote of all his teachings is reciprocity in every action—treat your neighbor as you would like to see him treat you. But are these not also the fundamental teachings of our Saviour? In propagating Christianity, with its endless and, to the Chinese mind, so puzzling denominations, I have quite frequently heard the statement made that Confucius was an atheist; that he denied all existence of God and future life, and that the only salvation for the poor Chinaman from eternal torture and damnation was to throw over all the sacred religious traditions so dear to him and to speedily become a follower of Christ. I suppose such advice is often given with the very best intention by those who seek their salvation in saving souls, but it is based on absolutely false suppositions. To these attempts is greatly owing the widespread dissatisfaction all over China, which has culminated in the latest horrors. As once an old abbot of a monastery near Peking said to me, when we were discussing religion:

"Each country has its great teachers. Yours is Christ, ours is Confucius."—Mark, this priest was a Buddhist!—"As to the people, it really doesn't matter," he continued, "which of them they follow, and as long as they are virtuous and unselfish it is not wiser not to trouble their minds and destroy their peace?"

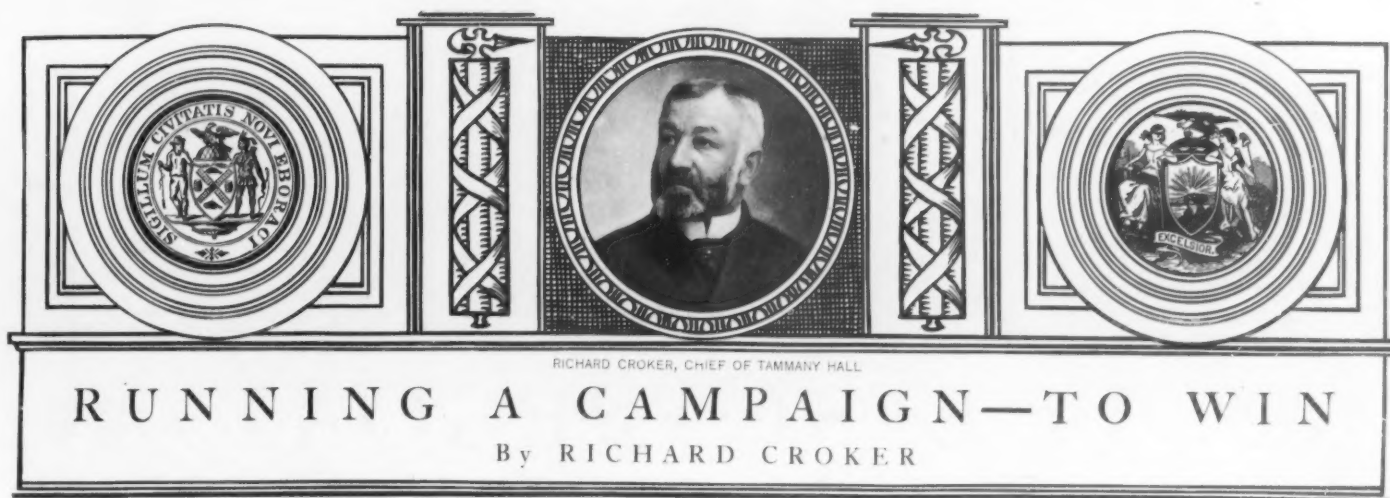
As I said before, Confucius cannot be called an atheist. He had profoundly studied the practical business-like trend of the Chinese mind, hence he was careful to avoid, in his teachings, anything which might have the character of the indefinite or superhuman. He impressed upon his disciples and followers that they should not trouble their minds with problems they would never be able to solve and which would only disturb the peace of their minds. The foundation of the religion, or rather the policy, of Confucius, is filial piety. This he proclaims to be the very basis of both the family and the state. He calls it the root of all virtue from which spread all moral teachings. As the unit of social and political life, Confucius lays down the family and points out how the organization of all political bodies is formed by a conglomeration of families. It is in the family where the child is brought up to love, obey and care for the parents. Has this been successfully accomplished, the adult will know how to meet and obey his superior, and to show to the rulers of State and Church the respect which is due to them. Is this not again the reiteration of the teachings of the Old Testament, which also promised longevity and happiness to those who obey their father and mother? In connection with filial piety, I should like to say a word about family worship.

#### THE ATHEISM OF CONFUCIUS

"Not only during lifetime shall the child devote its whole energy in making those happy and comfortable to whom it owes its existence. This duty never ceases, not even after death. The spirits of the parents will hover over, watch and guard the homesteads. Their peace and happiness also de-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)





THE OBJECT of running a campaign is to win. That is what I go into campaigns for.

Sometimes it is known to be impossible to win the campaign we are fighting, but even then the object is the same. In a losing battle I fight so that the next battle, and the battle after that, shall be won.

The only thing is to win—to lay, to-morrow, or the next day; but to win in the end. It is supposed that we know what we are fighting for, before we begin, and also that we are willing to spend our time and money and take all sorts of risks in order to get the things we want. That has all been decided before; and when I enter a campaign I keep my eye on one object only—success.

I don't forget what we are fighting for, any more than the miner who digs coal in a dark mine all day forgets what he is fighting for against heavy odds. But if a workman is to do a good job, he has to keep his eye on his work, looking just far enough ahead to keep true to his aim. That is just what I do in politics. I don't forget the end, but I know that success must come first. We can do nothing toward carrying out our policy until we win; and I put out all my energies to win.

How do I win? By organization. And when I say "organization" I don't mean merely organization for a single campaign. I mean something more permanent. I mean an organization that has been thought out and planned out in every detail, probably years ago, and whose machinery is kept thoroughly oiled and in running order all the time. It must be ready for any demand made upon it, and ready to do any amount of work and do it well.

Each campaign has, of course, a character and scope of its own, and must be fought along its own lines. These must be kept in view so that the most effective work may be done. But no matter what the nature of the particular campaign, a political machine that is thoroughly equipped will be able to manage it better and more successfully than a new and untried organization.

Some people scoff at the political machine, and denounce it as always corrupt and working for the selfish purposes of the "party leaders" or the "boss." A machine or political organization may grow corrupt, of course; but the people always have it in their power, if they will take an active interest in politics, to change the organization and make it over to suit themselves.

The organization or machine can never get very far from the people. It comes from the people, it represents the people, it is responsible to the people. It stands for the concentrated and trained energy of a political party. If the party changes its methods or purposes, and its political machinery no longer suits it, the voters can sweep it out of existence and put another organization in its place.

I want to say, as clearly as I can, that the party and the organization or machine are the same. If the party allows the machine to stand, and goes to battle under its management, and is willing to enjoy the fruits of the victory the machine wins, then the party is fully responsible for the machine.

I want to say, too, that machines or organizations are necessary. No party, no matter what its aims may be, can hope to accomplish anything without organization. Reformers denounce the "machine" because some machines have been bad. They always find, however, that they lose without the aid of a machine, or a thoroughly equipped and trained organization. Their efforts come to nothing, no matter how much brains they may have behind the movement, or how much a great many people may desire the things the reformers are fighting for. They fail because there is no trained body of men to direct the fighting, no organization to get at the people and interest them in the campaign, and to get out the votes on election day.

It is for this reason it is so often said that reforms must be started in the party. This recognized truth is a tribute to the power and efficiency of the organization. Reforms that succeed must either begin in the party organization and change or capture it, or they must be big enough to crush the machine—beat it at the polls. It isn't often that a reform movement is strong enough to do that. It usually falls back for help on the machine, and tries to capture it before going into a campaign. By reform movements, I mean any large or

general efforts to change the policy or course of a party, and not merely these spasmodic efforts to "purify" politics and "smash" the machine.

The "boss" is often talked about and written about. He is more often talked about than seen. The Democracy has no "boss." It is its own "boss," its own master. No one man owns the Democratic party, whether we speak of it in the nation, the State, or the city.

This is not true of the Republican party. The national Republican party has its owner or "boss," and the State and city Republican organizations are also controlled by a single leader. Its organizations do not ask what the people want, or what the party wants, but what the "boss" wants. That is not democratic, and the Democratic party would not stand it.

The Democratic party of course recognizes the necessity of having leaders, men who are accustomed to organizing forces and managing them in battle. It must have these trained leaders if it is to win. Without them the fight would be lost before a ballot is cast.

We organize from the people up; the Republicans from the leaders or "boss" down. The Democrats choose their leaders, and these appoint committees and select the men who are to direct them; and so on, until we have a leader for the campaign, or a head, as he may be called, of the organization, or machine. It is only in this way he may be called a "boss"; but in fact he comes directly from the people and gets his authority and commission from them.

Tammany Hall is a big machine. I do not use the word in any bad sense, but mean by it a political organization. It is organized for political victory. It is the most perfect piece of political mechanism in the world. There is no other party organization in this country that approaches it in its completeness or in the effectiveness with which it operates. I am confident there is no political machinery in Europe or elsewhere that may be compared with it. I have studied very closely the workings of party organization in England, and there is no machinery there that has anything like the perfect mechanism of Tammany Hall.

And yet Tammany Hall is only a part of the Democratic party. It is not, officially, the Democratic organization. It is an organization that has come to be used for political purposes, and it is often the case that, for practical purposes, the two organizations—that is, the official Democratic organization and the political organization of Tammany Hall—are the same.

Tammany Hall, looking at it as a political machine, and acting, as it were, for the Democratic party, fully represents the voters. Its Executive Committee of thirty-six members are also the leaders in the thirty-six Assembly districts. It sometimes, though rarely, happens that a member of the Tammany Hall Executive Committee is not the district leader in his district. They are generally the same. It is as district leaders that they usually hold their places in the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall.

These leaders report to the General Committee on conditions in their districts. It is pretty safe to base a prediction of the result of an election on their reports, so thorough is their work and their knowledge of their field.

Below the district leaders are the leaders, or captains, of the twelve hundred or more election districts into which the Assembly districts are divided. These captains are appointed by the district leaders.

The organization expects election district captains to hold the small divisions, and the district leaders to hold the Assembly districts for the Democratic party or to win them for the Democracy, if they are now Republican.

Such is, in brief, the machine with which we run a campaign. It is so complete and so finely arranged that organized political work can be carried on in every block and in every house. Every voter in the city could be reached and talked with and argued with inside of twenty-four hours. A house to house canvass, the most effective sort of political work, may be made at any time. This is often very necessary in getting out the full strength of a district or of the whole city for a primary or a general election. The house to house canvass may decide a close election. It may be the last straw that turns the balance. We never fail to resort to it in a hard contest.

A party may have votes enough to spare, and yet fail to carry the election. Often there is a feeling of indifference that keeps thousands of voters at home. You must get the votes into the boxes, and have them counted fairly and accurately, before you have won; and it frequently becomes a problem how to bring out the party's voting strength. I always recommend a house to house canvass in such cases. In no other way can you reach the voters so directly or arouse their interest and enthusiasm so effectively.

With the organization I have described, I can feel the political pulse of New York almost at will. I know just where the party stands; just how the voters feel on all the issues, how much interest they are taking in the election, and whether we can count on their coming out to the polls without further stirring up.

I begin running a campaign years before the candidates are nominated or the issues defined. Each campaign may indeed be said to begin with the first steps taken in the organization of the political machine that is to manage it. Tammany wins in this city chiefly because of its perfect organization. The majority of the people are, of course, behind and with Tammany; but it requires a strong and splendidly organized machine to hold the party up to its full strength, to prevent captures by the enemy, and to prevent a stampede by so-called reform movements.

All campaigns cost. Some people seem to think you can conduct a campaign on patriotism. But politics is a business, and a costly business. We haven't the sources of wealth possessed by the Republicans. They can assess office-holders and corporations and trusts. They can exact from the manufacturers for their political fund some of the profits they make out of the tariff tax on the consumers. We have no such sources of supply.

The money used by Tammany Hall in a campaign comes voluntarily from the people. No assessments are allowed. The office-holders and citizens interested in the purposes and aims of the party contribute what they see fit or can afford. No appeal or demand is made on anybody. The system is entirely democratic.

Our contributions are usually liberal enough to meet the legitimate expense of the campaign and to maintain the organization. Some men contribute quite large sums, but they are not usually asked for, and it is never demanded of them.

In the present campaign, which is a national and State one, in which Tammany Hall is taking part as an organization, we are making use of the same methods we use in municipal campaigns. We put into operation the same machinery and look for success in the same way. We want to carry New York City for Mr. Bryan by as big a majority as we generally win by in municipal elections.

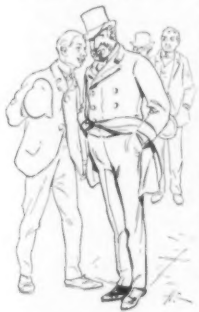
Of course we make the fight for issues that do not enter, as a rule, into a municipal campaign, although the chief issues in this campaign affect the city almost as much as they do the country at large.

Almost every avenue of life and work is closed to the young man of to-day, unless he becomes the servant of a trust in a hired capacity, from which there is little hope to rise. This situation is almost wholly the outgrowth of the past four years' fostering care of protected monopolies that now dominate the country. A bright hope and a remedy is found in the new voters. Each four years produce one million young men who cast their first votes for Presidential electors. The young man of this hour who votes for the first time wields the balance of power.

If the Democrats carry the State, we would put an end to illegal combinations of capital to a large extent and control those corporations and trusts chartered by the State. This would certainly be an improvement over the present situation. The State could offer its protection to the small business man, to the small dealers and storekeepers, and to the young men at the beginning of their careers. It could at least cease to take part in the war of combined and aggregated wealth against labor.

The Democrats ought to win in this election. The logic of events is on their side. The administration has made blunder after blunder—in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, and at home; in its discriminations in favor of capital against labor.

As to organization, we are better equipped throughout the country than we were in 1896, when Mr. Bryan made such a magnificent fight. Tammany Hall and the Democratic organization of New York have taken more interest in national politics this year than ever before. We have tried to give to the party at large some of the benefits of our method and training. Results will show that hard and skilful work has been done to arouse voters to a sense of their danger and that the United States is not yet blinded by the talk of glory and riches in the East.





ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

# THE SCAPEGOAT

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, Author of "The Uncalled," "Folks From Dixie," Etc., Etc.

I



THE LAW is usually supposed to be a stern mistress, not to be lightly wooed, and yielding only to the most ardent pursuit. But even law, like love, sits more easily on some natures than on others.

This was the case with Mr. Robinson Asbury. Mr. Asbury had started life as a bootblack in the growing town of Cadgers. From this he had risen one step and become porter and messenger in a barber-shop. This rise fired his ambition, and he was not content until he had learned to use the shears and the razor and had a chair of his own. From this, in a man of Robinson's temperament, it was only a step to a shop of his own, and he placed it where it would do the most good.

Fully one-half of the population of Cadgers was composed of negroes, and with their usual tendency to colonize, a tendency encouraged, and in fact compelled, by circumstances, they had gathered into one part of the town. Here in alleys and streets, as dirty and hardly wider, they thronged like ants.

It was in this place that Mr. Asbury set up his shop, and he won the hearts of his prospective customers by putting up the significant sign, "Equal Rights Barber-Shop." This legend was quite unnecessary, because there was only one race about to patronize the place. But it was a delicate sop to the people's vanity, and it served its purpose.

Asbury came to be known as a clever fellow, and his business grew. The shop really became a sort of club, and, on Saturday nights especially, was the gathering-place of the men of the whole negro quarter. He kept the illustrated and race journals there, and those who cared neither to talk nor to listen to some one else might see pictured the doings of high society in very short skirts or read in the negro papers how Miss Boston had entertained Miss Blueford to tea on such and such an afternoon. Also, he kept the policy returns, which was wise, if not moral.

It was his wisdom rather more than his morality that made the party managers after a while cast their glances toward him as a man who might be useful to their interests. It would be well to have a man—a shrewd, powerful man—down in that part of the town who could carry his people's vote in his vest pocket, and who at any time its delivery

might be needed, might hand it over without hesitation. Asbury seemed that man, and they settled upon him. They gave him money, and they gave him power and patronage. He took it all silently and he carried out his bargain faithfully. His hand and his lips alike closed tightly when there was anything within them. It was not long before he found himself the big negro of the district and, of necessity, of the town. The time came when, at a crucial moment, the managers saw that they had not reckoned without their host in choosing this barber of the black district as the leader of his people.

Now, so much success must have satisfied any other man. But in many ways Mr. Asbury was unique. For a long time he himself had done very little shaving—except of notes, to keep his hand in. His time had been otherwise employed. In the evening hours he had been wooing the coquettish Dame Law, and, wonderful to say, she had yielded easily to his advances.

It was against the advice of his friends that he asked for admission to the bar. They felt that he could do more good in the place where he was.

"You see, Robinson," said old Judge Davis, "it's just like this: If you're not admitted, it'll hurt you with the people; if you are admitted, you'll move uptown to an office and get out of touch with them."

Asbury smiled an inscrutable smile. Then he whispered something into the judge's ear that made the old man wrinkle from his neck up with appreciative smiles.

"Asbury," he said, "you are—you are—well, you ought to be white, that's all. When we find a black man like you we send him to States prison. If you were white, you'd go to the Senate."

The negro laughed confidently.

He was admitted to the bar soon after, whether by merit or by connivance is not to be told.

"Now he will move uptown," said the black community. "Well, that's the way with a colored man when he gets a start."

But they did not know Robinson Asbury yet. He was a man of surprises, and they were destined to disappointment. He did not move uptown. He built an office in a small open space next his shop, and there hung out his shingle.

"I will never desert the people who have done so much to elevate me," said Mr. Asbury. "I will live among them and I will die among them."

This was a strong card for the barber-lawyer. The people

seized upon the statement as expressing a nobility of an altogether unique brand.

They held a mass meeting and endorsed him. They made resolutions that extolled him, and the negro band came around and serenaded him, playing various things in varied time.

All this was very sweet to Mr. Asbury. And the party managers chuckled with satisfaction and said, "That Asbury, that Asbury!"

Now there is a fable extant of a man who tried to please everybody and his failure is a matter of record. Robinson Asbury was not more successful. But, he it said that his ill success was due to no fault or shortcoming of his.

For a long time his growing power had been looked upon with disfavor by the colored law firm of Bingo & Latchett. Both Mr. Bingo and Mr. Latchett themselves aspired to be negro leaders in Cadgers, and they were delivering Emancipation Day orations and riding at the head of processions when Mr. Asbury was blacking boots. Is it any wonder, then, that they viewed with alarm his sudden rise? They kept their counsel, however, and treated with him, for it was best. They allowed him his scope without open revolt until the day upon which he hung out his shingle. This was the last straw. They could stand no more. Asbury had stolen their other chances from them, and now he was poaching upon the last of their preserves. So Mr. Bingo and Mr. Latchett put their heads together to plan the downfall of their common enemy.

The plot was deep and embraced the formation of an opposing faction made up of the best negroes of the town. It would have looked too much like what it was for the gentlemen to show themselves in the matter, and so they took into their confidence Mr. Isaac Morton, the principal of the colored school, and it was under his ostensible leadership that the new faction finally came into being.

Mr. Morton was really an innocent young man, and he had ideals which should never have been exposed to the air. When the wily confederates came to him with their plan he believed that his worth had been recognized, and at last he was to be what Nature destined him for—a leader.

The better class of negroes—by that is meant those who were particularly envious of Asbury's success—flocked to the new man's standard. But whether the race be white or black, political virtue is always in a minority, so Asbury could afford to smile at the force arrayed against him.

The new faction met together and resolved. They resolved,



THOMAS FOGARTY

"I KNEW YOU WERE MY FRIEND," ANSWERED THE CONVICT



among other things, that Mr. Asbury was an enemy to his race and a menace to civilization. They decided that he should be abolished; but, as they couldn't get out an injunction against him, and as he had the whole undisciplined but still voting black belt behind him, he went serenely on his way.

"They're after you hot and heavy, Asbury," said one of his friends to him.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "they're after me, but after a while I'll get so far away that they'll be running in front."

"It's all the best people, they say."

"Yes. Well, it's good to be one of the best people, but your vote only counts one just the same."

The time came, however, when Mr. Asbury's theory was put to the test. The Cadgerites celebrated the first of January as Emancipation Day. On this day there was a large procession, with speechmaking in the afternoon and fireworks at night. It was the custom to concede the leadership of the colored people of the town to the man who managed to lead the procession. For two years past this honor had fallen, of course, to Robinson Asbury, and there had been no disposition on the part of anybody to try conclusions with him.

Mr. Morton's faction changed all this. When Asbury went to work to solicit contributions for the celebration, he suddenly became aware that he had a fight upon his hands. All the better-class negroes were staying out of it. The next thing he knew was that plans were on foot for a rival demonstration.

"Oh," he said to himself, "that's it, is it? Well, if they want a fight they can have it."

He had a talk with the party managers, and he had another with Judge Davis.

"All I want is a little lift, judge," he said, "and I'll make 'em think the sky has turned loose and is vomiting niggers."

The judge believed that he could do it. So did the party managers. Asbury got his lift. Emancipation Day came.

There were two parades. At least, there was one parade and the shadow of another. Asbury's, however, was not the shadow. There was a great deal of substance about it—substance made up of many people, many banners and numerous bands. He did not have the best people. Indeed, among his cohorts there were a good many of the pronounced rags, tag and bobtail. But he had noise and numbers. In such cases, nothing more is needed. The success of Asbury's side of the affair did everything to confirm his friends in their good opinion of him.

When he found himself defeated, Mr. Silas Bingo saw that it would be policy to placate his rival's just anger against him.

He called upon him at his office the day after the celebration.

"Well, Asbury," he said, "you beat us, didn't you?"

"It wasn't a question of beating," said the other calmly.

"It was only an inquiry as to who were the people—the few or the many."

"Well, it was well done, and you've shown that you are a manager. I confess that I haven't always thought that you were doing the wisest thing in living down here and catering to this class of people when you might, with your ability, be so much to the better class."

"What do they base their claims of being better on?"

"Oh, there ain't any use discussing that. We can't get along without you, we see that. So I, for one, have decided to work with you for harmony."

"Harmony. Yes, that's what we want."

"If I can do anything to help you at any time, why you have only to command me."

"I am glad to find such a friend in you. Be sure, if I ever need you, Bingo, I'll call on you."

"And I'll be ready to serve you."

Asbury smiled when his visitor was gone. He smiled and knitted his brow. "I wonder what Bingo's got up his sleeve," he said. "He'll bear watching."

It may have been pride at his triumph, it may have been gratitude at his helpers, but Asbury went into the ensuing campaign with reckless enthusiasm. He did the most daring things for the party's sake. Bingo, true to his promise, was ever at his side ready to serve him. Finally, association and immunity made danger less fearsome; the rival no longer appeared a menace.

With the generosity born of obstacles overcome, Asbury determined to forgive Bingo and give him a chance. He let him in on a deal, and from that time they worked amicably together until the election came and passed.

It was a close election and many things had had to be done, but there were men there ready and waiting to do them. They were successful, and then the first cry of the defeated party was, as usual, "Fraud! Fraud!" The cry was taken up by the jealous, the disgruntled and the virtuous.

Some one remembered how two years ago the registration books had been stolen. It was known upon good authority that money had been freely used. Men held up their hands in horror at the suggestion that the negro vote had been juggled with, as if that were a new thing. From their pulpits, ministers denounced the machine and bade their hearers rise and throw off the yoke of a corrupt municipal government. One of those sudden fevers of reform had taken possession of the town and threatened to destroy the successful party.

They began to look around them. They must purify themselves. They must give the people some tangible evidence of their own yearnings after purity. They looked around them for a sacrifice to lay upon the altar of municipal reform. Their eyes fell upon Mr. Bingo. No, he was not big enough. His blood was too scant to wash away the political stains. Then they looked into each other's eyes and turned their gaze away to let it fall upon Mr. Asbury. They really hated to do it. But there must be a scapegoat. The God from the Machine commanded them to slay him.

Robinson Asbury was charged with many crimes—with all that he had committed and some that he had not. When Mr. Bingo saw what was afoot he threw himself heart and soul into the work of his old rival's enemies. He was of incalculable use to them.

Judge Davis refused to have anything to do with the matter. But in spite of his disapproval it went on. Asbury was indicted and tried. The evidence was all against him, and no one gave more damaging testimony than his friend, Mr. Bingo. The judge's charge was favorable to the defendant, but the current of popular opinion could not be entirely stemmed. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

"Before I am sentenced, judge, I have a statement to make to the court. It will take less than ten minutes."

"Go on, Robinson," said the judge kindly.

Asbury started, in a monotonous tone, a recital that brought the prosecuting attorney to his feet in a minute. The judge

waved him down, and sat transfixed by a sort of fascinated horror as the convicted man went on. The before-mentioned attorney drew a knife and started for the prisoner's dock. With difficulty he was restrained. A dozen faces in the court-room were red and pale by turns.

"He ought to be killed," whispered Mr. Bingo, audibly.

Robinson Asbury looked at him and smiled, and then he told a few things of him. He gave the ins and outs of some of the misdemeanors of which he stood accused. He showed who were the men behind the throne. And still, pale and transfixed, Judge Davis waited for his own sentence.

Never were ten minutes so well taken up. It was a tale of rottenness and corruption in high places told simply and with the stamp of truth upon it.

He did not mention the judge's name. But he had torn the mask from the face of every other man who had been concerned in his downfall. They had shorn him of his strength, but they had forgotten that he was yet able to bring the roof and the pillars tumbling about their heads.

The judge's voice shook as he pronounced sentence upon his old ally—a year in States prison.

Some people said it was too light, but the judge knew what it was to wait for the sentence of doom, and he was grateful and sympathetic.

When the sheriff led Asbury away the judge hastened to have a short talk with him.

"I'm sorry, Robinson," he said, "and I want to tell you that you were no more guilty than the rest of us. But why did you spare me?"

"Because I knew you were my friend," answered the convict.

"I tried to be, but you were the first man that I've ever known since I've been in politics who ever gave me any decent return for friendship."

"I reckon you're about right, judge."

In politics, party reform usually lies in making a scapegoat of some one who is only as criminal as the rest but a little weaker. Asbury's friends and enemies had succeeded in making him bear the burden of all the party's crimes, but their reform was hardly a success and their protestations of a change of heart were received with doubt. Already there were those who began to pity the victim and to say that he had been hardly dealt with.

Mr. Bingo was not of these; but he found, strange to say, that his opposition to the idea went but a little way, and that even with Asbury out of his path he was a smaller man than he was before. Fate was strong against him. His poor, prosperous humanity could not enter the lists against a martyr. Robinson Asbury was now a martyr.

## II

A YEAR is not a long time. It was short enough to prevent people from forgetting Robinson, and yet long enough for their pity to grow strong as they remembered. Indeed, he was not gone a year. Good behavior cut two months off the time of his sentence, and by the time people had come around to the notion that he was really the greatest and smartest man in Cadgers he was at home again.

He came back with no flourish of trumpets, but quietly, humbly. He went back again into the heart of the black district. His business had deteriorated during his absence, but he put new blood and new life into it. He did not go to work in the shop himself, but, taking down the shingle that had swung idly before his office door during his imprisonment, he opened the little room as a news and cigar stand.

Here anxious, plying custom came to him and he prospered again. He was very quiet. Uptown hardly knew that he was again in Cadgers and it knew nothing whatever of his doings.

"I wonder why Asbury is so quiet," they said to one another. "It isn't like him to be quiet." And they felt vaguely uneasy about him.

So many people had begun to say, "Well, he was a mighty good fellow after all."

Mr. Bingo expressed the opinion that Asbury was quiet because he was crushed, but others expressed doubt as to this. There are calms and calms, some after and some before the storm. Which was this?

They waited a while, and, as no storm came, concluded that this must be the after-quiet. Bingo, reassured, volunteered to go and seek confirmation of this conclusion.

He went, and Asbury received him with an indifferent, not to say impolite, demeanor.

"Well, we're glad to see you back, Asbury," said Bingo patronizingly. He had variously demonstrated his inability to lead during his rival's absence and was proud of it. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to work."

"That's right. I reckon you'll stay out of politics."

"What could I do even if I went in?"

"Nothing now, of course; but I didn't know—"

He did not see the gleam in Asbury's half-shut eyes. He only marked his humility, and he went back swelling with the news.

"Completely crushed—all the run taken out of him," was his report.

The black district believed this, too, and a sullen, smoldering anger took possession of them. Here was a good man ruined. Some of the people whom he had helped in his former days—some of the rude, coarse people of the low quarter who were still sufficiently unenlightened to be grateful—talked among themselves and offered to get up a demonstration for him. But he denied them. No, he wanted nothing of the kind. It would only bring him into unfavorable notice. All he wanted was that they would always be his friends and would stick by him.

They would to the death.

There were again two factions in Cadgers. The schoolmaster could not forget how once on a time he had been made a tool of by Mr. Bingo. So he revolted against his rule and set himself up as the leader of an opposing clique. The fight had been long and strong, but had ended with odds slightly in Bingo's favor.

But Mr. Morton did not despair. As the first of January and Emancipation Day approached, he arrayed his hosts and the fight for supremacy became fiercer than ever. The schoolmaster solicited funds for his parade, brought the school-children in for chorus singing, secured an able orator and the best essayist in town. With all this, he was formidable.

Mr. Bingo knew that he had the fight of his life on his hands, and he entered with fear as well as zest. He, too, found an orator, but he was not sure that he was as good as Morton's. There was no doubt but that his essayist was not.

He secured a band, but still he felt unsatisfied. He had hardly done enough, and for the schoolmaster to beat him now meant his political destruction.

It was in this state of mind that he was surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Asbury.

"I reckon you're surprised to see me here," said Asbury, smiling.

"I am pleased, I know," Bingo was astute.

"Well, I just dropped in on business."

"To be sure, to be sure, Asbury. What can I do for you?"

"It's more what I can do for you that I came to talk about," was the reply.

"I don't believe I understand you."

"Well, it's plain enough. They say that the school teacher is giving you a pretty hard fight."

"Oh, not so hard."

"No man can be too sure of winning, though. Mr. Morton once did me a mean turn when he started the faction against me."

Bingo's heart gave a great leap and then stopped for the fraction of a second.

"You were in it, of course," pursued Asbury, "but I can look over your part in it in order to get even with the man who started it."

It was true, then, thought Bingo gladly. He did not know. He wanted revenge for his wrongs and upon the wrong man. How well the schemer had covered his tracks. Asbury should have his revenge and Morton would be the sufferer.

"Of course, Asbury, you know what I did I did innocently."

"Oh, yes, in politics we are all lambs and the wolves are only to be found in the other party. We'll pass that, though. What I want to say is that I can help you to make your celebration an overwhelming success. I still have some influence down in my district."

"Certainly, and very justly too. Why, I should be delighted with your aid. I could give you a prominent place in the procession."

"I don't want it; I don't want to appear in this at all. All I want is revenge. You can have all the credit, but let me down my enemy."

Bingo was perfectly willing, and, with their heads close together, they had a long and close consultation. When Asbury was gone, Mr. Bingo lay back in his chair and laughed. "I'm a slick duck," he said.

From that hour Mr. Bingo's cause began to take on the appearance of something very like a boom. More bands were hired. The interior of the State was called upon and a more eloquent orator secured. The crowd hastened to array itself on the growing side.

With surprised eyes, the schoolmaster beheld the wonder of it, but he kept to his own purpose with dogged insistence, even when he saw that he could not turn aside the overwhelming defeat that threatened him. But in spite of his obstinacy, his hours were dark and bitter. Asbury worked like a mole, all underground, but he was indefatigable. Two days before the celebration time everything was perfected for the biggest demonstration that Cadgers had ever known. All the next day and night he was busy among his allies.

On the morning of the great day, Mr. Bingo, wonderfully caparisoned, rode down to the hall where the parade was to form. He was early. No one had yet come. In an hour, a score of men all told had collected. Another hour passed, and no more had come. Then there smote upon his ear the sound of music. They were coming at last. Bringing his sword to his shoulder, he rode forward to the middle of the street. Ah, there they were. But—but—could he believe his eyes? They were going in another direction and at their head rode—Morton! He gnashed his teeth in fury. He had been led into a trap and betrayed. The procession passing had been his—all his. He heard them cheering, and then, oh! climax of infidelity, he saw his own orator go past in a carriage bowing and smiling to the crowd.

There was no doubting who had done this thing. The hand of Asbury was apparent in it. He must have known the truth all along, thought Bingo. His allies left him one by one for the other hall and he rode home in a humiliation deeper than he had ever known before.

Asbury did not appear at the celebration. He was at his little news-stand all day.

In a day or two the defeated aspirant had further cause to curse his false friend. He found that not only had the people defected from him, but that the thing had been so adroitly managed that he appeared to be in fault, and three-fourths of those who knew him were angry at some supposed grievance. His cup of bitterness was full when his partner, a quietly ambitious man, suggested that they disavow their relations.

His ruin was complete.

The lawyer was not alone in seeing Asbury's hand in his downfall. The party managers saw it too, and they met together to discuss the dangerous factor which, while it appeared to slumber, was so terribly awake. They decided that he must be appeased, and they visited him.

He was still busy at his news-stand. They talked to him adroitly while he sorted papers and kept an impassive face. When they were all done, he looked up for a moment and replied, "You know, gentlemen, as an ex-convict I am not in politics."

Some of them had the grace to flush.

"But you can use your influence," they said.

"I am not in politics," was his only reply.

And the spring elections were coming on. Well, they worked hard, and he showed no sign. He treated with neither one party nor the other. Perhaps, thought the managers, he is out of politics, and they grew more confident.

It was nearing eleven o'clock on the morning of election when a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared upon the horizon. It came from the direction of the black district. It grew, and the managers of the party in power looked at it fascinated by an ominous dread. Finally it began to rain negro voters, and as one man they voted against their former candidates. Their organization was perfect. They simply came, voted and left, but they overwhelmed everything. Not one of the party that had damned Robinson Asbury was left in power save old Judge Davis. His majority was overwhelming.

The generalship that had engineered the thing was perfect. There were loud threats against the newsdealer. But no one bothered him except a reporter. The reporter called to see just how it was done. He found Asbury very busy sorting papers. To the newspaper man's question he had only this reply, "I am not in politics, sir."

But Cadgers had learned its lesson.

THE END



THE KING OF BELGIUM AT A FLOWER STALL IN BRUSSELS—LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS, NOW SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, IS SAID TO BE A STUDENT OF BOTANY AND PASSIONATELY FOND OF FLOWERS. HE FREQUENTLY WALKS UNACCOMPANIED THROUGH THE FLOWER MARKETS OF BRUSSELS, STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO MAKE A PURCHASE. KING LEOPOLD, WHO HAS HAD A STORMY MATRIMONIAL CAREER, MARRIED, IN 1853, THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA OF AUSTRIA, BY WHOM HE HAS THREE DAUGHTERS



#### OUR SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT'S EXPERIENCES IN CHINA

MR. JULIAN RALPH has recently contributed to a well-known London newspaper some of his Chinese experiences. Mr. Ralph has painted the whole Mongolian race as intensely superstitious. But an amusing informant goes further still, and calls China the land of Topsy-turvydom. Everything there, we are instructed, is upside down. It is the true land of "Alice's Adventures through the Looking-Glass." Mr. Gilbert, with his taste for paradox, might have got from it a prodigious lot of fun. The Chinese first invented gunpowder, the mariner's compass and movable type, yet they never put these momentous "finds" to the least practical profit. A Chinaman laughs when he tells you that his father, mother, brother or sister is dead. But a bride would be severely discountenanced if she did not wail throughout the entire marriage ceremony, like the chief mourner at a funeral. It is civil for a Chinese acquaintance to ask your age and compliment you on being old. He does not hesitate to inquire concerning the amount of your income; in this and not a few other like details our impertinence means his politeness. He often shows with proud pleasure the various coffins given him by his dutiful children. If you set any store by his kind feelings it would be unwise to mention even the existence of his wife or daughter. It is said that the Yangtse-Kiang River gets narrower instead of wider while flowing toward its outlet. The Chinaman cleans his boots with whiting instead of blacking; women wear socks, men stockings; while we play battledoor and shuttlecock with the hands, it is played in China by means of kicks.

#### THE PROTEST OF A CHINAMAN

Much of all this deserves, perhaps, the doubt which it will engender. But a recent reply to Mr. Ralph's article demands more serious consideration. It is the work, most probably, of some one connected with the Chinese embassy in Portland Place, and its tone abounds with conviction. It begins by asserting that the little scarecrow-like structures reared in front of many houses for the purpose of frightening away demons, are merely an evidence of how superstition has gripped ignorant Chinamen. All this kind of folly is despised by a great cultured portion of the race. The real population of China, according to an efficient statistician, is 500,000,000 souls—seven times more than the population of our United States. Admitted that the ignorant Chinaman cannot keep away demons by sticking beer-bottles into little masses of cement. But how about the religious edifices of Western civilization, on which many millions of money have been spent? Do these succeed any better in holding the alleged powers of darkness at bay? All practices like these, however, exist only among the Taoists and the Buddhists.

#### BUDDHISTS AND MISSIONARIES

The Buddhists are held, in China, to be no less ignorant than superstitious. Their cult is considered by many thousands of Celestials to differ in no essential degree from that of Christians. Here lies the entire present trouble. "It is desired that the missionaries should leave us in peace. We do not go to England, or any other country, and attempt to enforce upon foreigners our conceptions of life and death. These Buddhists are jealous of any faith which strives to compete with their own. They feel precisely the same as you Western folk would feel if Buddhists should arrive among you and strive to destroy your Protestantism, your Catholicism. Our Confucius taught that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—which is called, among Christians, the Golden Rule." Instead of paraphrasing this appeal of Ivan Chen, let me now quote literally from its text: "If we should force our priests upon England we should be doing to the English what we would not like them to do unto us. Conversely, the English, in forcing their priests upon us, are doing unto us what they would not like to have others do unto them. Consequently, they are not only breaking one of the fundamental principles of their own faith but of our faith also. It will be quite impossible to have peace in China so long as foreign missionaries are allowed to interfere with the institutions of the country, and no government at Peking can be strong enough to protect unpopular missionaries throughout so vast an empire. . . . Peace, prosperity and healthy commerce will be impossible until the missionary shall have been eliminated from our local problem. Recall the missionaries, and all will go well."

#### FROM THE "TIMES"

The Young Turkish Party in a recent letter to the London daily "Times" vigorously protests against the toleration by the European powers of what they term Abdul Hamid's reign of crime and assassination. They express the hope that the European Press will assist them "to consign to the pillory this modern Nero, who recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign with great pomp and circumstance."

#### THE SULTAN'S JUBILEE

Strange are these plaudits thy foul reign begets,  
When fitlier all Gehenna might discuss  
With glee demonic thine iniquitous  
Annals of agonies and bloody sweats.  
Insurgently the soul of progress frets  
To mark eulogium's blasphemy deck thus  
Thy City of Shame, where the blue Bosphorus  
Reduplicates her domes and minarets.

Murder and slavery at thy jubilee  
Shall riot unseen—the assassinated shapes  
Of many a martyr wail unheard their woes!  
And when thy revel is done, Polygamy  
Shall guide thee at dawn, gross Abdul, where  
sin drapes  
With poisonous purples thy seraglios!

EDGAR FAWCETT.





## AMERICAN POLITICS IN FRANCE

A CURIOUS SIGN of the times is the interest excited in France by the American Presidential election. A few years ago the contest would have been all but utterly ignored. For America itself was practically an unknown quantity. Americans came to Paris in great numbers, it is true, scattering limitless dollars and a great deal of very curious French all over the city. But it scarcely occurred to any smiling shopman of them all that the golden strangers with the quaint accent probably had somewhere a country and a national life which it might be interesting to know about. And the press was as uninformed and uninterested as the general public.

But this ignorance and indifference have given way suddenly. America looms large in the columns of the newspapers. Election probabilities are cabled over every day from the chief centres of political campaigning.

There is personal gossip about Bryan and "Mac Kinley." Even the names of M. Croker and M. Platt appear now and then, usually incorrectly spelled. Mr. Hanna, by the way, does not seem to be known at all. Mr. Bryan is the favored candidate. The French attach the idea of English alliance to the McKinley platform, and, quite indifferent to Mr. Bryan's money programme, plump for the man whom they take to be a bitter hater of Albion and a strenuous opponent of Imperialism. There seems to be an idea that if England and America were linked in a formal alliance a united swoop would be made sooner or later on French colonial possessions.

Even a political twist has been given to the visit of the King of Belgium, who has been hobnobbing with President Loubet at the Elysée Palace and receiving all sorts of military honors—a unique figure of royalty and a God-send to the gossips!

The French are not a betting people. They gamble in lotteries—at a franc a time—but to back a political candidate to the tune of thousands of dollars is a thing not heard of in France. This "Americanism" they view with astonishment.

## ARMY MANOEUVRES

The experiments made by the French army at Chartres in the military uses of the automobile principle have proved in the highest degree successful.

It seems that the campaigns of the future will be fought largely in the factories of automotor engineers. The Chartres experiments will have the result of bringing the war chariot into the sphere of practical campaigning to an extent not dreamed of five years ago: a machine which will bring guns down to the field, carry the army's food supplies, and enable its commanding officers to almost emulate Boyle Roche's famous bird in its valuable quality of being in several places at once.

One of the most sensational successes of the new departure was the "automobile lighthouse." It is a Marcel Renault electric car, lightly built, which carries an arc lamp erected on a high pillar behind the occupants. An ordinary travelling lantern lights the way through the night down to the point of reconnoitring; arrived there, the touch of a button throws out a broad column of dazzling white light which pierces a whole countryside for nearly five miles. In a moment the glare can be shut off, and the enemy—whose position has been duly noted and recorded—is left wondering whence came the sudden radiance.

Another feature that excited much favorable comment, especially among the foreign officers, was the striking endurance displayed by the little French soldiers. They marched and countermarched like Trojans, showing no signs of fatigue after strains on muscle and nerve deliberately made as trying as possible.

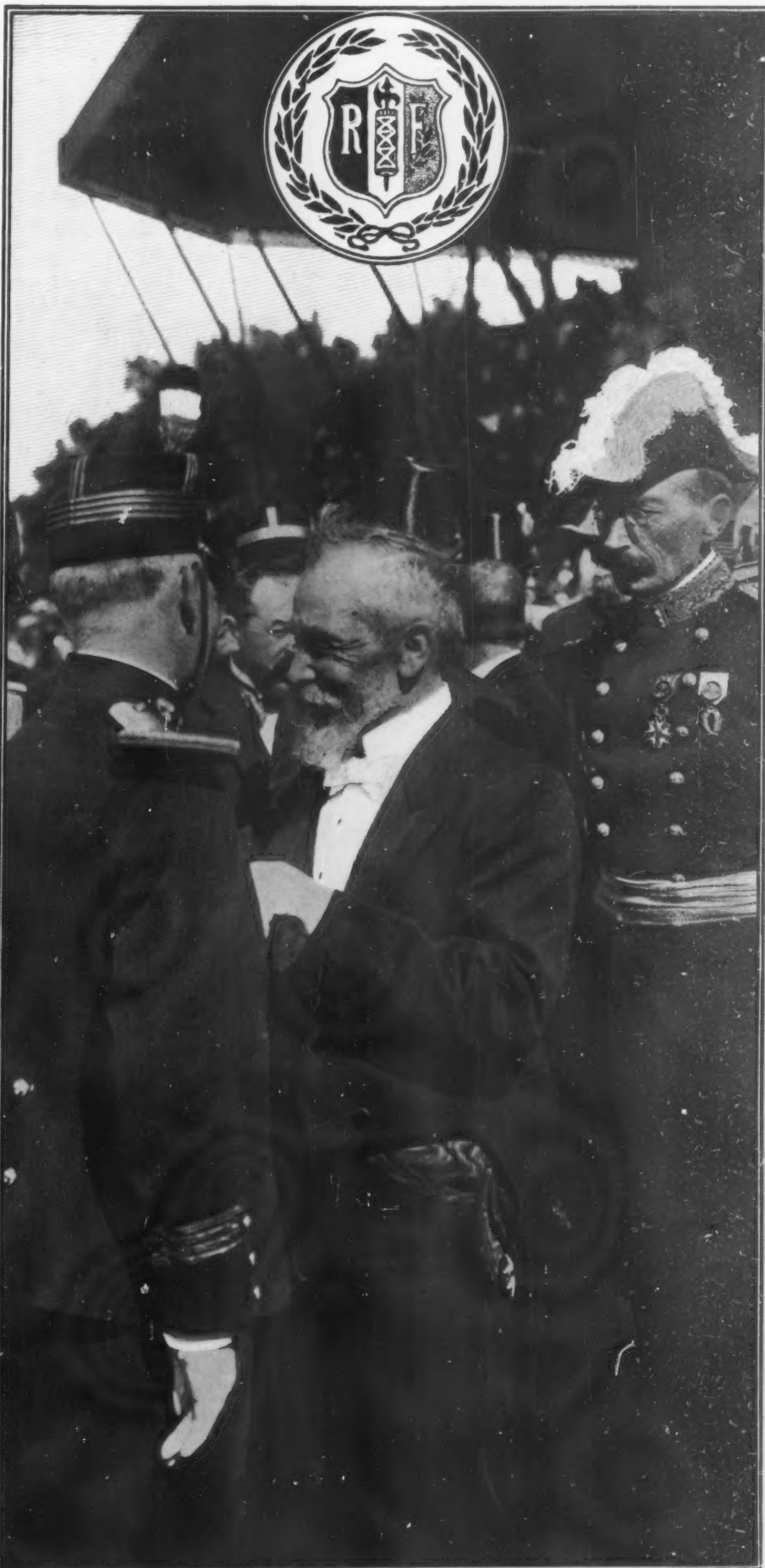
## A BOOM IN PEOPLES' PLAYHOUSES

After war—peace and its arts. The "Théâtre Populaire" has long been a dream in Paris. The dream will soon be a reality: the populace will be able, for a small sum, to secure a good seat in a finely appointed theatre and to hear the works of the best dramatists performed by good artists. The "Matin" is organizing the scheme, and has made an appeal to its wealthy readers to put it on a sound, lasting basis. On the first day of the opening of the public subscription a thousand dollars were received; every day since the total has been increased more than proportionately. The new theatre will be a valuable addition to the already numerous artistic innovations due to Paris. It is owing to Antoine's enlightened ways of thought, and to the art-feeling prevalent here, that Paris is the only city in the world where there can always be heard at his "Théâtre Libre" some one play of the order of Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann and Maeterlinck.

Sarah Bernhardt's "Popular Saturdays," organized under the inspiration of Catulle Mendès, have enabled the very poorest person to gratify the characteristically French taste for the hearing of fine verse declaimed by fine artists. The Comédie Française and the Odéon both give every week, at very low admission prices, representations of isolated scenes chosen from the classic plays.

## PARIS IS TIRED OF STRANGERS

The strangers are still pouring into the city; the neighborhood of the grands boulevards is like a pocket edition of the Tower of Babel. But the Parisian has got heartily tired of the whole thing. He wants his city to himself again. During all these months he has been disturbed in his most cherished habits. At the café, where he sat for years in the evening, an honored habitué, where the waiter knew his name and his friends' names and his favorite journal, and exactly how to mix his drink, he became a mere nondescript item in a horde of nondescript "Consommateurs." All along the line the Parisian suffered from the coming of the stranger horde. He is very glad to count just five weeks to the day when the Exposition will close down and Paris begin to resume its normal Parisian aspect and its pleasant familiar jog trot. The prevailing opinion seems to be that the longer it is before France holds another such great international show the better it will be for France. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



PRESIDENT LOUBET AWARDED PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—AFTER THE CEREMONY OF OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT (AUGUST 18) OF AWARDS IN THE SALLE DES FÊTES, PRESIDENT LOUBET, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CABINET MINISTERS, THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND FOREIGN MINISTERS, ADJOURNED TO THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND THERE DECORATED WITH MEDALS A NUMBER OF SOLDIERS, FIREMEN AND OTHERS. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT EVER TAKEN



"LEGATIONERS" CHEERING THE TROOPS AS THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE FOREIGN QUARTER

## THE ENTRY INTO "THE FORBIDDEN CITY"

### THE MARCH THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

PEKIN, IMPERIAL PALACE, AUGUST 28, 1900

**A**S A FORMAL demonstration to the stolid and overproud Chinese that Peking had fallen, and that the sacred seat of their government was in the hands of the "Foreign Devils," the armies of eight nations, headed by the rescued plenipotentiaries and their attaches, marched solemnly through the Forbidden City to-day.

Two weeks ago, with thundering guns, and with men and horses jaded by the swift rush from Tien-tsin, the powers had marched up to the very gates of the palace. They paused there only as an act of deference to a government that had ceased to be. It was this respectful sentiment alone that saved the Imperial City from being sacked and looted, and turned into the camp of a hostile army.

The halt before the palace was brief. Acting under instructions, the servants of the Imperial household threw open the broad gates, so that the column might enter peacefully and unopposed. Solemnly and stately, as became an army that had been recruited from the camps of the world to avenge a grave indignity to the world's honor, the troops of the eight powers marched slowly through the silent and deserted palace of the Manchus.

The soldiers appreciated the spectacular nature of the occasion. Armies are created for the parade-ground no less than

for the forced march and the battlefield, and the men in the ranks brushed the dust from their soiled uniforms, saw that their buttons and brasses and guns were brightly burnished, as if they knew the eyes of the world were upon them. It was a sort of triumphant march, not so much in token of victory as of a victorious purpose, and with heads erect, with elated spirits and with their banners held high as-if in challenge to the Yellow Dragon flags, the soldiers marched proudly through the imperial halls.

#### SOLDIERS IN "SUNDAY" CLOTHES

The Russians must have devoted hours to a general cleaning up. Their baggy trousers were almost spotlessly white, as well as their simple shirt-like blouses drawn in at the waist like a woman's shirtwaist.

The trim Japanese, of course, looked like model soldiers done in miniature. All of them seemed to have been turned out by machine, all of a size. Not an inch did they vary in height, and their eyes, fixed immovably upon an imaginary object in front, were all of exactly the same slant.

The Hindus in the British contingent had their eighteen yards of turban cloth wound more neatly than usual about their heads, and they marched as if they thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

The French fairly strutted in their blue uniforms. The Chinese must have thought they had played the leading rôle in the capture of Peking.

But the troops of Kaiser Wilhelm, of the "Mailed Fist,"

won the most unqualified admiration of the Chinese. They paraded with the marvellous "goose step," the wonder of German imperial manoeuvres.

"I bet those Dutchmen don't prance like that on a stiff march," was the comment of a sturdy United States sergeant, as he watched the Germans.

The American soldier was not unmindful of the importance of making a good impression on his debut as a conqueror in the Chinese capital. He had his campaign hat on straight for once, and it was neatly creased, instead of being crushed into a cone, for greater comfort. His klinki suit was a little soiled, as it had a good right to be after the long hot march over the meanest roads in the world, varied by mud ponds and muddier Chinese villages. But his blouse was buttoned up and his trousers were neatly strapped down into his leggings. He seemed alert, fit, and ready for action.

Italy and Austria brought up the rear of the procession, each being represented by a detachment of bluejackets from the navy. Their forces were small, but their flags were just as big, and were just as proudly borne through the imperial halls as that of any other nation.

#### THE FORBIDDEN CITY AND IMPERIAL PALACE

The Forbidden City, or the Pink, or Purple City, was not, by the way, half as picture-que as the soldiers expected to find it. Its tenants had fled long before, and it looked deserted. Weeds and grass had grown up between the stones in the broad courts, and its beautiful marble and granite

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AMERICAN SOLDIERS FORMALLY HOISTING THE COLORS IN THE CAPTURED CITY

## TY" OF PEKIN BY THE ARMY OF THE ALLIES

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status looked stained and weather-worn. The great carved  
herons, elephants, and turtles that ornamented the imperial  
gardens seemed dirty and neglected.

The palace, however, was not entirely a disappointment.  
There were abundant signs of its former magnificence and  
grandeur and beauty. Its floors were dust-strewn, and there  
was an appearance of negligence, not at all in keeping with  
the state of the imperial Manchus.

To the honor of the eunuchs, who had been ordered to  
remain behind to act as our guides, we tramped through these  
Chinese holy of holies, peering into every nook and corner,  
with all the inquisitiveness of strangers in Paris going through  
a new Louvre, and with not so much as a salaam or kotow  
to show our reverence.

The South Gate, which was guarded by the Ninth United  
States Infantry, was chosen as the point of entrance, and the  
North Gate was thrown open for our exit. The Russians, by  
clever finessing, had got themselves at the head of the line,  
preceded, of course, by the diplomatic corps. Characteristic  
of the assertive spirit of the Czar's army throughout the cam-  
paign, they almost transformed the occasion into a Russian  
fête. It was a detachment of Cossacks that opened the gates,  
a Russian band that furnished the music of the march of the  
ministers, and a Russian battery that thundered out the twenty-  
one guns salute at precisely eight o'clock. Then the dumpy  
Russian general, with fierce gray eyebrows and stubby gray  
whiskers, caracolled up on his charger, and announced:  
"Allons, messieurs!"

General Chaffee, when the arrangements for the procession  
were being made, had asserted that "any old place" would do  
for his troops. They had been in the van of every battle, and  
could afford not to bother about their position in a parade. So  
we came fourth in the line, with Russia, Japan and Great Brit-  
ain ahead of us. The Frenchmen, with their bugles playing  
a lively air, fell in behind us, and then came Germany with a  
battalion of as stalwart men as one could find in the armies of  
the world.

The Russians had two bands, both playing like mad. The  
Japanese entered to a flourish of bugles, as did the French.  
The British had their corps of bagpipers, and the Germans  
had a military band to inspire their high goose-stepping. The  
American forces had evidently come to Peking strictly on busi-  
ness, for not a note of rousing American music was heard.  
"Yankee Doodle," or even "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-  
night," which was played at the landing of our troops both in  
Cuba and at Manila, would have been a wondrous novelty in  
the mysterious courts of the Forbidden City. But bands, and  
everything not necessary in the sharp work of marching and  
fighting, had been left at Tien-tsin.

### MARCHING INTO THE ROYAL PALACE

Major-General Adna Chaffee and Brigadier-General Thomas  
H. Barry, with the members of their respective staffs, headed  
the American forces, which consisted of three hundred men,  
in command of Colonel Aaron S. Daggett of the Fourteenth  
Infantry. That organization was represented by its colors and

a company commanded by Captain C. H. Martin. The rest of  
the force was made up of detachments from the Ninth In-  
fantry, the Marine Corps, the Sixth Cavalry, and Battery F,  
Fifth Artillery. Major William Quinton had direct command  
of the battalion. The general officers rode their horses within  
the gate of the royal city, and then dismounted and proceeded  
on foot. The way led straight ahead to the north, up a flight  
of stairs, or rather, a long gradual ascent of white marble, into  
a huge building with a double pagoda roof. This was the hall  
in which the foreign ministers were received when they came  
to present their credentials. Heavy Brussels mats covered the  
floor. They were dusty, and even filthy. The only portion  
of the palace that looked clean and new was the ceilings,  
which still retained their brilliant colors—blue and purple  
and gold—a bewildering jumble of dragons, flowers, and  
serpents.

We marched through the halls, and then out into the streets  
and the pleasant air again by the North Gate, down the marble  
steps, across the court, and up again into a building perched  
high upon its pillars. The paint was dropping from this im-  
mense structure in huge scales, leaving great bare, ugly places  
in the walls. The floors of this building were carpeted, and  
dusty and filthy, like the palace. In the centre of its main hall  
was a raised platform, reached by small but richly carved stair-  
ways, and adorned at the corners by immensely valuable vases  
of cloisonné. In the centre of the dais was a large piece of  
bronze and carved work.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 18)

## GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY IN CHINA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

pend on the upright conduct of their children, which they will reward just as they will punish them for any evil deed."

Confucius also remarks:  
"The disembodied spirits of the parents will enjoy the offerings made to them by their children."

This also proves that the sage firmly believed in a life after death—only, as I said before, he does not want the people to disturb their minds in brooding over problems which no living human can or ever will solve. This is generally contradicted by the disciples of Christ. I want to state that these before-mentioned facts have not only been collected by me during my long stay in the Far East, where to clearly understand the policy of the country, its history and its people, I was obliged to enter most profoundly into all questions touching religion, but you will also find these facts confirmed by some of the world's greatest authorities on the religions of Asia; above all, by the eminent Professor Legge.

As to the solution of the mission problem in China, which at this moment is attracting such vast attention, I leave it to the readers themselves to pass judgment.

## THE FUTURE OF CHINA

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo"

It is not my intention, in this short review, to lay down any policy in connection with this question, but if I were to be asked to give my opinion as regards the chief reason of the present outbreak, I should put the answer in one word: "Misunderstanding" (of the Chinese). First, let me fall back on what I stated at the beginning as regards men who have been most successful in making China move in the direction of a policy which may in time place her on the footing of the Great Western Powers, gradually moving the marvellous intellect and the talents of her teeming millions into practical channels (if such policy should still be deemed a wise one). I first drew your attention to the Dutch, the Jesuits, Anglo-Saxons, and men of other nations, who can be grouped among the great foreign promoters of China, and benefactors to the world in general. The greatest triumphs ever achieved by foreigners in China were undoubtedly those of the Jesuit fathers during the reign of the Emperor Kanghi (1692-1723). To lay down the standard of how to succeed in China, nobody can do better than make a close study of their wonderful and interesting history. The early Jesuits, as before stated, were sent out by the farseeing great kings of France, especially by Louis XIV., to pave the way for future trade by weaving invisible ties between Versailles and the sacred city of Peking, and if possible even to attempt to convert the mighty and proud emperors themselves. Their work undoubtedly can be ranked among the most extraordinary and difficult ever intrusted to a diplomatic envoy in the history of the world. The great fathers, at the end of the seventeenth century, came very near, and most likely would have converted the Son of Heaven, if they had not wrecked their chances just at the moment they were preparing to set the crown on their ardent, long and patient labors. A dispute arose regarding certain religious rites, which was followed by the prompt removal of all priests, not only from the Court, but from the whole country. Emperor Kanghi's reason for this harsh action was that if the holy fathers could not agree themselves on questions touching their own religion it surely could not have the value which they proclaimed it had. This meant the death-knell of Christianity in China. Later emperors tolerated the missionaries, but their influence did not rise much above the sum of the country.

If we enter into the details of the system of working of the

Jesuits, which still remains the standard of the Catholics in China, we find that it is based on the following rules and regulations:

The novice from home must first acquire a thorough knowledge of the Chinese language and of the most complicated etiquette as regards all social and official intercourse. He must abandon the cassock in favor of the native dress, must grow a queue, must closely copy the daily life and even many habits of the Chinese—in short he must strive to become as near as possible a Chinaman himself. After at least two years of ardent study under experienced old fathers at the headquarters of the Mission he is detailed to some independent Mission, where a reliable old hand carefully breaks him in.

## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE CHINESE

These remarks are to give an idea as to the line in which every foreigner in China ought to work if he wants to gather results, be he an official, priest, or merchant. Above all, he must respect the sacred traditions, revived by Confucius, on which the vast empire has pivoted for more than 5,000 years, and which have kept it together while India, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome crumbled to pieces. Study the philosophy of Confucius and follow it closely in all your dealings with the Chinese, quite the same if you may be negotiating a treaty, buying a pony or bartering over a precious vase! Try to be patient, and patient again and again, carefully increasing your kind, gentle but firm grip. Before all, never display any emotion, and always look happy. If you once lose your temper and put your foot down you are doomed, and you had better pack your trunk and go home, because you will have lost taste as a gentleman. Everybody who knows the Chinese will tell you what this means. If you are bartering over a pony or a curio, it is your own business if you show your temper and fail, but if you are negotiating a loan, it is not your own business. The greatest mover of China in modern times is Sir Robert Hart, who, forty-six years ago, built the wonderful service known as the Imperial Maritime Customs. It rests on the sound foundations so successfully laid by the genius of the American, Mr. Lay. Officials of all civilized nations are employed by Sir Robert Hart. His system of training them is entirely based on what I have just explained, and which might be called a "festina lente" policy. This service now yields a revenue of 22,500,000 taels annually (one tael equals about one dollar in gold). This wonderful foreign structure which Sir Robert has built up on Chinese soil, and of which branches now cover the great seaboard and rivers of the empire, proves what foreign brains and influence can do in China if exerted in the right way. But the vast bulk of the revenues of the Middle Kingdom are still under control of the viceroys and governors. They are derived from the following taxes:

Land tax, likin (octroi), salt tax, produce tax, native opium tax, interior customs, and a number of licenses.

As to the collecting of the revenues they yield, vast corruption prevails among the collectors both high and low. Besides this, an effective system in regard to collecting is absolutely lacking; hence the small proportion of the amount which might be collected in case the revenues should be put on a similar basis as that of the Maritime Customs. The great question is: Has or can the world produce any more Sir Robert Harts?

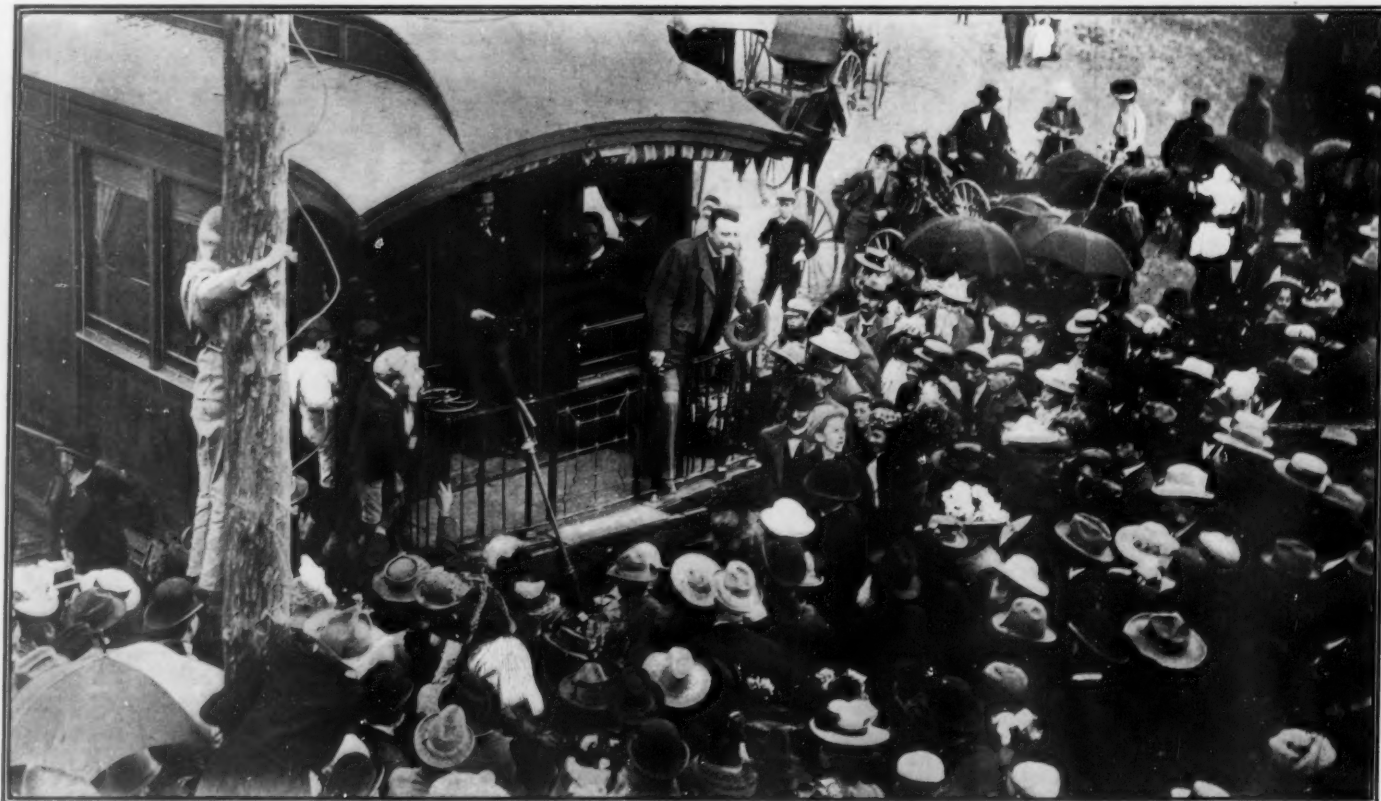
As to the ability of the Chinese themselves to inaugurate and foster reforms we have a shining example in the renaissance of China, about twenty-five years ago, under the great

administrator, Li Hung Chang and the late General Tso Tsung Tang. These two famous and influential men were able to crush rebellions, even of wider spread than the present one, and after successfully restoring peace and order, Li laid the foundations of a modern Chinese navy which, under the excellent management of Captain (now Admiral) Lang, of the Royal Navy, was, up to the end of the eighties, quite on the level of the best fighting navies of the world. The same can be said of the troops drilled under the care of Colonel Richter, of the Imperial German Army, whom Li Hung Chang had made director of the War School at Tien-tsin.

## HOW THE EMPRESS BOXED THE EARS OF THE REFORM PARTY

Unluckily, the strong arm needed in Peking to keep on permanently fostering these reforms was lacking. The present emperor, Kwang-Su, was still a child, and the reins of the government were in the hands of the Empress Dowager and her more or less reactionary advisers. Lang was elbowed out of the navy by intrigue and replaced by some influential native duffer. Richter's splendidly trained men, at least the equal of the pick of troops of Europe, were sent to the provinces where the reactionary viceroys and governors almost unanimously shelved them or employed them as cooks and coolies. Then came the late smash-up brought on by Japan. Li Hung Chang was made responsible, deprived of his honors and degraded, but his years had begun to tell, and he no longer possessed the energy and vitality which had enabled him to perform the great works of twenty years ago. A great man was sadly needed, or a combination of such, but this time China failed to produce them. Meanwhile, Kwang-Su had reached the age of twenty-four. A band of reformers arose, consisting chiefly of bright young men from all over China, many of whom had received more or less of a foreign education. The emperor favored this movement, of which the aim was to introduce the Western system of education, so as to enable the Chinese to understand the secrets of foreign success. In its characteristics the movement was decidedly pro-foreign, and to a certain degree resembled that which led Japan to her present high position among the powers of the world. But alas! the progressive spirit of the clever boy-emperor was crushed by the stern and powerful hand of the Empress Dowager, who, since the Japanese war, had favored a decidedly anti-foreign policy. One morning she led the emperor before the tablets of his ancestors and, after administering to him a severe reprimand, boxed his ears in presence of their spirits. This settled the fate of the Reform Party, and there was a lively flying of heads.

Since then things have gone from bad to worse. One of the great questions is: Will China now be able to reproduce some great men of the calibre of Li Hung Chang or Tso Tsung Tang? Such men exist and undoubtedly could be found both in China and outside. There are the two great viceroys of the Yangtze, who have saved the nucleus of the empire from bloodshed and devastation. As to the men outside, I chiefly mean those accredited to the great powers. The high character of Mr. Wu Ting-Fang (who has so ably served his government in Washington) and his marked intelligence are thoroughly understood and appreciated all over the United States. I could name numbers of high-class men I used to know so well in China. Many of them, alas! have lost their heads, and many have been fighting the allies. The generals Sung, Ma, Mieh, Yuan Chi Kai are men I came in close contact with, chiefly in Manchuria, during the Japanese war. Yuan Chi Kai is the type of an honest, brave, intelligent man, and



THEODORE ROOSEVELT STUMPING THE WEST—NOW THAT THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN DRAWS TO A CLOSE, GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, THE HARDEST WORKED OF REPUBLICAN SPEAKERS, SHOWS SIGNS OF GIVING OUT. THE WORST STRAIN ON THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE'S OTHERWISE LUSTY VOICE HAS BEEN THE SO-CALLED "CART-TAIL" SPEECHES DELIVERED FROM THE REAR PLATFORM OF HIS VESTIBULED TRAIN WHILE PASSING THROUGH INNUMERABLE TOWNS AND SETTLEMENTS OF THE PLAINS. SOME DAYS HE HAS HAD TO MAKE AS MANY AS FORTY SUCH SPEECHES, BEFORE WINDING UP WITH HIS USUAL LONG ADDRESS AT NIGHT



a splendid soldier, and I was impressed by his talents as a statesman. Five years ago these men decidedly stood for us, and I never shall forget the cordial reception they gave me during my extraordinary experiences of that historical winter. These men and others have been obeying orders. I don't see why those who have survived should not be brought back to their former standpoints.

#### CHINA NEEDS A MODERN CONFUCIUS

But what China needs most of all is a great spiritual reformer, a modern Confucius, a man who, in the first place, would be able to again weed out the destructive superstitions which, during the lapse of more than a thousand years, have again honeycombed the ancient creeds of China, so as to reestablish the religion of the great saint, the only one which more than a millennium has proved to be the one adapted to the peculiarities of the Chinese mind. This would clear away the misery, dissatisfaction and deep-rooted hatred toward the foreigner which, especially during the last three years, have been gnawing at the souls of those in power in China, and who have systematically disseminated it all over the provinces. Some of the great characteristics of the Chinaman are patience, tolerance and endurance. His elastic limit as regards these qualities reaches far beyond that of any other nation, but history has proved that in cases where it has been overstretched the peaceful, all-enduring Chinaman has turned into the most cruel and savage tiger. It takes a long time to raise rebellions in China, but just as much time and patience to allow the rebellions to calm down again.

The return of the Emperor Kwang-Su to Peking, backed by the powers and the faithful viceroys, would mean a great stride forward in the solution of the Chinese problem. I remember the day Kwang-Su received Von Brandt and myself in audience, April 1, 1892. We were the first two foreigners who had ever gazed on him. Von Brandt delivered his letters of recall and I was introduced by Prince Ching as chargé d'affaires. The emperor at that time was at the age of eighteen—such a handsome, intelligent-looking boy. After we had completed the prearranged three bows—one at the entrance, one in the centre of the hall, and one in front of the imperial throne—in lieu of the so much contested kotau, the main obstacle to former audiences, the pallor

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and the frightened expression on his refined features quickly vanished, and a gentle smile of surprise and satisfaction took their place. We both read the thoughts that were passing through his head:

"So these are those red-haired barbarians, the foreign devils, my aunt has been telling me such awful stories about! What nice men! If I could only see them often."

To this last thought Kwang-Su, after the audience, gave emphatic expression to his uncle, Prince Kung. I so well remember Von Brandt's parting remark:

"When that boy is a man it looks as if he will accomplish something."

Well, let's hope he will!

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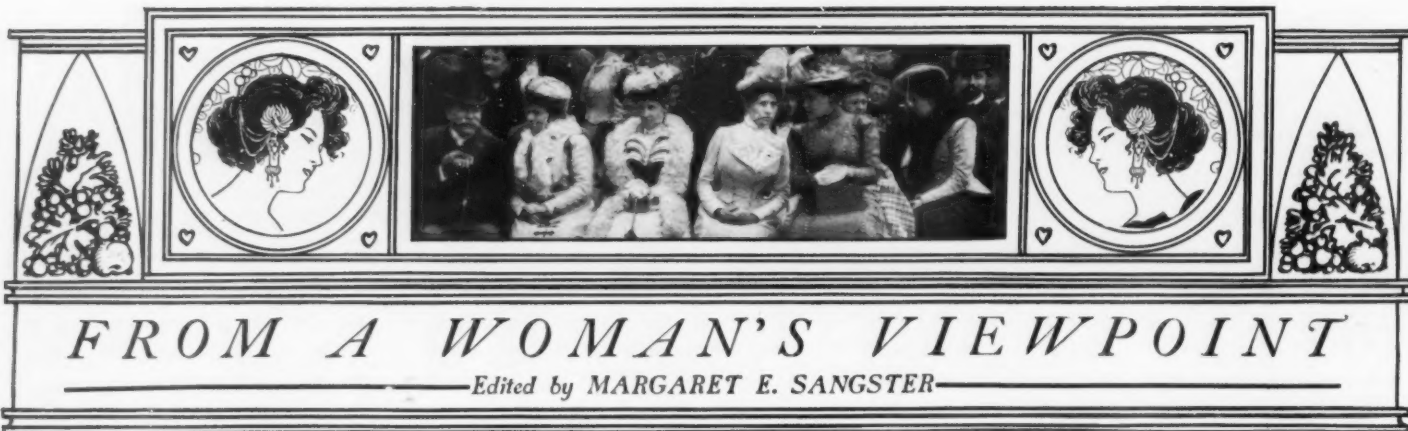
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## FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### THE WHITE CZAR AND HIS EMPRESS



NO RULER of any of the European empires takes greater personal interest in his army and navy than His Imperial Highness the Grand-duke Michael Nicolaévitch, Nicholas II., the Czar of Russia, President of the Council of the Empire and Commander-in-Chief of the army.

At the recent review of the Russian army held at Plessa, the Czarina, who, before marriage, was Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, accompanied her husband. She is a superb horsewoman, and, riding about from point to point with the Czar, she attracted much attention and homage. She displayed great interest in all the manoeuvres of the troops. Thirty-four thousand of the Russian soldiers left Odessa on transports for China, and many more thousands were transported by train across the continent to the scene of the Boxer troubles.

Three daughters have been born to the Czar and Czarina, but no son. The heir to the throne, in case no son is born, will be the Grand-duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the Czar's brother, born in 1878.

It was the present ruler of Russia who, in August, 1898, made peace proposals to the powers which led to the Peace Conference held at the Hague in 1899. As a compliment to Emperor Nicholas II. the Conference began its labors on May 18—his birthday. M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador at London, who was one of the delegates sent by Russia, was chosen president.

Speaking of the meeting of the Peace Conference the Marquis of Salisbury said: "If by extending the use of the principle of arbitration we are able to diminish the number of causes by which war can be induced, and if by humane and beneficent legislation we can diminish the horrors of war when it is waged, we shall have done, I think, for our generation a service of which the whole value cannot be appreciated at once, but to which I think the future inhabitants of Europe will look back with gratitude."

### EARLIER HOURS IN SOCIETY

WITH A few exceptions, the young men who can devote evenings to society are in business or professional avocations during the day. Whatever may be the situation in older lands, here we have as yet no distinctively leisure class, and our idle men of pleasure are in a lonely minority. Indeed, most of them feel so solitary that they become globe-trotters, or establish themselves by preference in some European capital. Our men of great wealth go into offices and seriously devote their talents and capacities to the accumulation of more wealth. Occasionally a man with a nobler ideal and a wider horizon consecrates his endeavors to the betterment of his kind, to the cleansing of politics, or to some form of beneficent altruism. He, like the rest, is busy. Our American atmosphere is most unfriendly to idleness.

But, when men have the absorbing duties of a profession, the fierce aggressiveness of business pressing on them through the day, they need for the demands of the morrow a measure of rest and sleep. They cannot afford to go night after night to opera and ball, and reach home in the gray dawn, snatch a brief nap and a hasty breakfast, and begin again the day's work. A girl may sleep until noon, and rise refreshed. Her maid brings her rolls and coffee; she dresses slowly and with care, drives, devotes hours of the day to recreation and recuperation, and goes triumphantly through a fatiguing season. This the man cannot safely do with his restricted opportunities for rest in the daytime after social occasions which begin at the verge of midnight and end in the peep of a new dawn.

Wonder is expressed at the indifference of young men to society, at the lack of dancing men, at the reluctance of men, after the first season or two, to pay the devoirs they owe to the women who invite them, or the functions which can hardly flourish without their attendance. A concerted effort to bring about earlier hours for dinners, for dances, for amusements, earlier hours for beginning and for ending, and a return to greater simplicity of entertainment, would enable men who now shun society to enjoy it as they ought.

### THE QUESTION OF THE CORSET

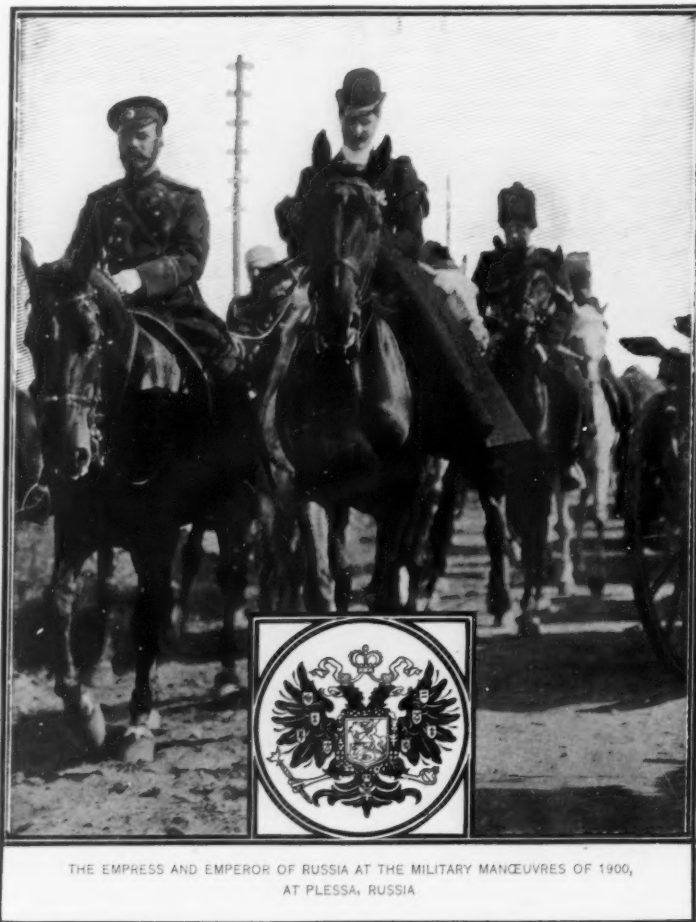
A CONTINGENT of sensible women oppose the corset as inimical to feminine vigor, and girls who practice in the gymnasium have as a matter of course no use for any form of stay. They need ample room for their breathing apparatus and complete freedom for their limbs, if they are to exercise in the "gym" at all. Any one who has observed the agility and grace of girls as they have practiced running and jumping under a competent instructor, any one who loves the lithe and lissome shape of a young woman who has never worn a corset, will deprecate any confinement other than that of a bonelless waist for a growing girl. There is much to be urged on the other side of the question when women a little older are concerned. A tailor-made suit with its severe simplicity will altogether lack the essential of smartness unless it is fitted over a corset. Women who aspire to be well-dressed require a perfectly fitted and individually made corset, and if they are aware of that bane of the middle-aged, a tendency to increased prominence in the abdominal region, they must have a corset which

a fleshy middle-aged woman seated with her hands crossed below the waist line, and resting there as if on a shelf, a thing absurd and inexcusable, if only the good dowager were not so inconsiderate of her own appearance that her lack of vanity condones her folly. Many women stand abominably, with back hollowed in and stomach protruding, and the weight of the body on the heel, not on the ball of the foot. A properly selected corset with elastic gaiters attached to the front, and fastened to the stockings firmly, will do much to obviate this ungraceful and clumsy way of standing.

### THE PROVIDENT PERSON

AMONG the good qualities of the provident person is a habit of looking forward. She anticipates happenings. Even now in the best weather of the autumn, as she goes here and there among the shops, she is forecasting her holiday purchases and picking up pretty things for her dear ones. If the list of the dear ones is long she is wise to begin in good season, weeks before the mid-winter rush, so that the Yule-tide may find her neither too busy nor too weary for its full enjoyment.

Being a provident person, she does not need this bit of advice, which is passed on for the improvident.



THE EMPRESS AND EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES OF 1900, AT PLESSA, RUSSIA

will correct this defect. An ordinary closely laced corset will do no good at all. The unwelcome fullness must go somewhere, and many a stout woman, unable to take more than a gasping breath in her uncomfortable coat of mail, is a sight for the compassionate gods. A corset should be as easy as an old shoe, as little regarded by its wearer as the rings on her finger or the comb in her hair. Fashion has invented a present-day corset which is the acme of luxury, low in the bust, close-fitting over the abdomen, a support where support is needed, and an article of daily comfort, indispensable alike to the business woman, the house mother, and the matron in society. Though the cost of the best corset is much greater than the price which thrifty women have usually paid, it is in the end an economy, since it outlasts several of the cheaper variety.

The excessive size of the abdomen, deplored by women who incline to embonpoint beyond their forties, is largely due to insufficient exercise of the muscles in that part of the body. A wrong way of sitting is often to blame. Who has not seen

The League for Social Service prepared for the Paris Exposition an important monograph entitled *Industrial Betterment*. In view of the serious misunderstandings which so often exist to the detriment of both, between the great powers of capital and labor, it is very interesting to note what is done for their work people by certain large employers. For example, in every public conveyance, and wherever else advertising facilities may be found, we have grown familiar with the name and the wares of an enterprising manufacturer of pickles. We discover from Dr. Tolman's carefully prepared story of American social economics that the great business in question was begun in a very humble way in 1869, and that in 1900 its home buildings cover ten and one-half acres of floor space, while its branches are found in several different States. The work employs hundreds of young women whose labor is carried on under ideal conditions, which include ample dressing-rooms with perfect sanitary appliances, a pleasant dining-room adorned with pictures and plants, a roof garden, a park carriage constantly during the summer at the disposal of girls who are ill or convalescent, an auditorium where lectures and entertainments are frequently given, a circulating library, and, in short, whatever else can make the lives of the operatives happy and add to their physical and mental well-being. Exactness and fidelity in the performance of their duty is expected of and required from all employees, but the employer, in a spirit of true altruism, provides for their health, and gives them certain educational advantages which are beyond price. With wonderful painstaking and unquestioned accuracy, the League for Social Service has gathered, tabulated and grouped many instances similar to this one, showing conclusively that there is an advance of consideration on the side of the wage-paying toward the wage-earning portion of the community, an advance especially gratifying in the beginning of the twentieth century.

### A LAST RESOURCE

WHEN a woman is suddenly thrown upon her own resources, when she loses her husband or her fortune, her first thought is apparently that she can now turn to authorship. Quite oblivious of the fact that writing is a trade like any other, and, moreover, a trade which is unusually crowded, where the laborers are many and the rewards are few, she sits down, pen in hand, to write her poem, her story, her essay, and then sends it timidly yet hopefully forth. To her it is as dear as her own child, and if it returns to her "declined with thanks," she is grievously wounded, and fails to understand her disappointment. The ways of editors appear to her inscrutable. She confidently asserts her belief in their partiality, and declares that only authors with names and assured reputations have the ghost of a chance to succeed. Yet this is only a half-truth, if it be true at all. Editors and publishers are lifted to the seventh heaven when a new star brightens their firmament. The unknown writer who comes with strong, fresh and original work is hailed with joy. He or she is a find worth celebrating with acclamations. The trouble is that few people of genius are ever existent at the same period, while in the general diffusion of education and intelligence hosts of peo-



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ple express themselves agreeably and write of commonplace things in a sensible fashion, while the majority either stop at mediocrity, or are sadly deficient in technique. No woman would attempt to make a gown without serving an apprenticeship, or to paint a picture without first sitting at the feet of a master. Why should she, who is in want, hurl herself into a whirlpool of struggling writers, when for writing she has made no adequate preparation? And why should she blame the long-suffering editor when, as a critic from the outside, she knows nothing of the difficulties which beset his path?

#### OUTDOOR LIFE FOR WOMEN

GOLF has been an unspeakable boon to American women, not merely to the girls of the period, who take delight in every form of outdoor sport, but to their mothers, their maiden aunts and their grandmothers. The twentieth century will open with a new lease of life for the middle-aged woman. Instead of coddling herself, shivering in the cold, and spending her time in fighting with illness, this bright and blooming personage sallies forth with her juniors and engages in active exercise, showing her skill upon the links, and sometimes tiring out much younger people by her enthusiasm and her staying power. If the health rate of the feminine world has gone higher than ever before, the fact certifies to the great advantage of much living in the open where the free winds blow, and of regular moderate exercise of every muscle in an interesting way.

At the country clubs, the golf tea is a feature of the afternoon; and is a pretty and picturesque occasion. The girls in their sensible short skirts and loose blouses and jackets, the men in their hunting pink, the mingling of gay colors, in which leaf-brown tones down to red and vivid green, the sprinkling of brilliant maidens and matrons in elegant toilets, the comfortable papas, who, if they do not play, wish they did, the fringe of carriages on the outer edge, with their correct and impassive coachmen on the box, and the beautifully groomed and caparisoned horses, wondering no doubt at the ways of men and women—all combined make up a scene of variety and animation worthy of remembrance.

Riding always has its votaries, and in the parks many women are seen with a firm seat and a nice hand on the rein, women who have complete sympathy with their horses, and who look fit and charming in their habits and hats. For regular cross-country riding, one need not, however, seek out trim parks and broad avenues. In Maryland, in Virginia, in Kentucky, and indeed all over the South, there are hundreds of women who have been accustomed to the saddle from early childhood, who ride fine horses with a splendid ease and courage, and who take fences and streams as a bird flies from branch to branch. One may see the perfection of equestrianism in the mountains, where girls were tossed to the pony's back in their baby days, and where, ever since, riding has been their constant method of going from place to place.

A different opinion once prevailed. But once emancipated from the slavery of an inconvenient and ridiculous outdoor dress, once allowed to romp and play through juvenile years just as boys have done from immemorial times, once brought to regard needless invalidism as a disgrace, women prove themselves as healthfully equal to any undertaking as are their husbands and brothers. Also they have more time on their hands for outdoor sport, in itself an advantage.

A woman never looks more charming than when her color is heightened by bracing exercise and pure air, and her eyes are bright with the feeling of perfect physical equipoise. She is not coarsened or roughened by her activity, far from it. To outdoor life woman imparts a grace and refinement which it might lack but for her entrance upon it. The gallantries of sport are seldom foolishly sentimental, but a certain chivalry pervades the relations of men and women who rival one another in games which require deftness of eye and hand and the exercise of judgment in their progress, and, however exciting the contest, politeness is dominant through its phases.

Women should not forget that walking is within the reach of everybody, and that a walk twice a day will keep most of us in excellent physical condition. By a walk is not meant a saunter or a dawdle, but a tramp of a mile or more over the country road or the city street, a tramp with intention, even if no shopping or visiting object exist as the goal which attracts the lady out of doors.

#### JUST A LITTLE SONG

Just a little song, dear,  
 When the heart is gay;  
 Just a lilted measure  
 In the lonesome day;  
 Just a thread of melody  
 On the weary way.

Just a little song, dear,  
 When the burden binds;  
 Just a snatch of music  
 When the toiler finds  
 Life a little wearing,  
 And the day's work grinds.

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 For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." De-lightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.  
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Our **KOKEL** eyes, made specially to match the natural, defy detection. Write for prices and full particulars. **W. T. GEORGEN,** Dept. W, 32 East 23d Street, New York City.

## THE MARCH THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

(CONCLUDED FROM DOUBLE PAGE)

The inclined slab in the centre of each passageway to these reception halls was in every instance so beautifully carved as to attract attention. Some of these pieces showed an expanse of fully thirty feet in length and a dozen feet in width, without the appearance of a single crack or joint. Dragons in bas-relief stretched from one corner to another.

## INVASION OF THE SACRED PLACES

Then came another battered reception hall, and afterward the column wound eastward across a court and entered a side gate, where stood a number of the palace eunuchs in full regalia, with their red-tasseled hats, long gowns, and white cloth boots. These faithful servants seemed passively submissive to fate, but were as sorrowful as if the trump of the last day had summoned them. Perhaps many of them expected to see the palace wall brought down about their ears, or crumble into ruins at this profanation of the sacred precincts.

The way again led north, and we now found we were approaching the inhabited regions of the city. The long low buildings on our right were evidently servants' quarters, while through an occasional opening in the wall to our left we could see court after court of the kind we had just visited.

We then marched into the midst of a romantic grove and passed beside a dead tree which must have been celebrated in its day, for it was carefully propped to keep it from falling.

Next came a most charming grotto, containing a shrine at which incense could be seen burning through the gloom. What had evidently been a huge boulder had been hollowed out to form this little temple. The outer surface of the rock was honeycombed until it looked like an immense carved curio.

The line of march now doubled back into the direct street running north and south. Two finely polished bronze baby elephants, kneeling, were at the portal of the north entrance to show us out.

Had we passed these, and kept on down the walk, we might have run into the apartments of the Dowager Empress. Some of the more curious of the soldiers and correspondents stole back to the tempting doorway, after the procession was over, and made a surreptitious inspection of the region beyond. The party contained one or two women missionaries and the wife of one of the ministers. Now, for a foreigner to enter the royal apartments is considered a sacrilege by the Chinese, and for a foreign woman to do so is a positive crime. So the palace retainers, who stood about powerless to prevent the invasion, wrung their hands in despair. The unwelcome guests went in, however, and had a glimpse of the royal apartments and the private reception room of the Empress. They came out filled with enthusiasm over the beautiful adornments of the place, yet they said the place itself was not more remarkable than the well-kept house of a rich mandarin.

## A MUSICAL JUBILEE OUTSIDE THE GATE

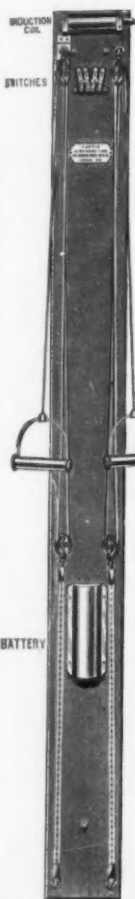
The scene about the North Gate, as the martial column emerged from its invasion of the palace, was a memorable one. The troops that had not had the privilege of entering the sacred halls were wild to hear stories from those who had, and all the foreigners, military and civilian, joined in a tremendous shout, as if the return of the troops was a signal of the end of the war. The Russians marshalled a battalion into order on one side of the gateway, and the Japanese placed themselves on the other. The British troops stepped through the portals to receive the salute of the battalions on either side of the gate. The Rajput bagpipe corps was in position by the time the Americans came out, and they sent in their fierce music to join the clashing welcome of the soldiers whose conduct from the beginning to the end of the campaign had won the plaudits of all. One of the Russian bands formed in line by the time the French troops passed out of the gate, and the Republican soldiers were greeted by the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." The band of the Germans drowned the music of the Russians and the Indian bagpipers; but all the bands and buglers joined in a general and noisy welcome for the swarthy little blue-jackets of Italy and the stalwart marines from the Austrian cruiser that brought up the rear.

In the meantime, the generals had gathered in a group on the rising ground in front of the next gate, and gazed at the scene like victors at the end of a successful charge. After a review, the commanders of the separate detachments reformed their troops into line and the return march to the camp was begun.

The spectacular and dramatic demonstration was over. Metaphorically, we had captured Peking and taken possession of the Emperor's palace, and had humbled the tremendous pride of the Chinese. Apparently the task of relieving the ministers, of avenging the indignity to the great powers of the world, and a wholesome show of force to the audacious Manchus, was accomplished. The gates were closed, the palace was guarded as before, and the end of the campaign had been reached.

ARTHUR C. JOHNSON.

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The machine is similar to the ordinary elastic exerciser which has been so widely used, except that it is mounted on a highly finished oak panel, and the cords which run over the pulleys are conductors through which the current is transmitted from the battery and induction coil to the electrode handles. The current can be passed from either hand through the body to the other hand, or by means of the foot plate through the body to the feet, or vice versa. The current can be regulated by simply touching a slide, from so mild as to be just perceptible, to a strength sufficient for the strongest man.

All physicians now agree that electricity is a most useful agent in treating almost every form of disease, and the **FORTIS EXERCISER** will produce the same benefits as medical batteries at a fraction of their cost. This exerciser will be found of incalculable benefit to nervous and sedentary persons, as a stimulant that produces vigorous and refreshing muscular contraction without subsequent exhaustion. For headache, nervous weakness and exhaustion, insomnia, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the many other complaints for which electricity is recommended by the physicians, its effect is almost **MAGICAL.**

The machine is perfectly constructed, handsomely finished, and will wear indefinitely. The life of the battery is about six months and it can be replaced for 25 cents.

Send for descriptive booklet.

**Price complete with foot plate, \$7.50.**

If your dealer don't carry it, we will send by express, prepaid.

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10 Bell St., KENOSHA, WIS.


**HELMET BRAND**  
LACONIA 2 3/4-4 IN. AMER 3 IN.  
ESSEX 2 1/2-3 IN. LISCO 2 3/4-4 IN.  
CHANDOS 2 1/2-3 IN. CASMA 2 1/2-4 IN.  
**Something for Nothing**  
Never—but you come as near it in Corliss collars as you could in anything, for you get two collars for 25 cents instead of one, and we will guarantee one of ours to be as good as any one collar ever made. We don't do anything else, just make collars, but we make them right. At your dealer's. If not, send to us direct, stating size desired.  
Send for catalogue which shows all our lines of collars and tells you how to dress on all occasions.  
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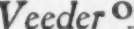




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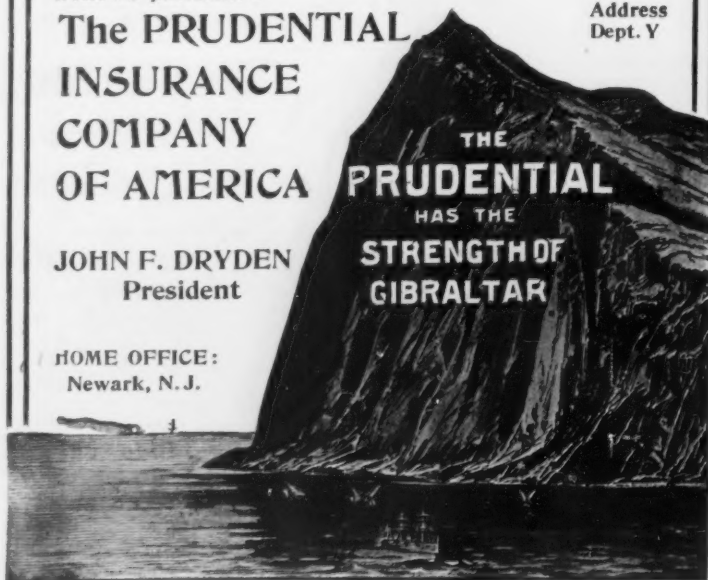
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# SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR:

Edited by  
WALTER CAMP



**HARVARD-COLUMBIA**

NO GAME for many seasons has been more talked of or looked forward to with such variety of opinions as the match between the Harvard and Columbia teams played at Cambridge the middle of October. With or without warrant there was much talk in the papers, mainly to the effect that Columbia had been "playing off" and saving her good men through the smaller games in order to spring a surprise upon Harvard, who is known to be rather weak and unsettled and with a number of new men in her line. How far this gossip made converts is a good deal of a question, but it certainly did in many quarters, and particularly in New York. The result of the game came, therefore, as a good deal of a surprise to Columbia's sympathizers, who had hoped for much better things. To men who had fancied that Columbia would certainly score, and might even win, twenty-four points to nothing was extremely disappointing. It is doubtful, however, if the Columbia coach and the team expected such rosy results as the partisans of the team had hinted, and it is more likely that they looked forward to a game moderately close, with a score of probably two touchdowns against them and with a chance at least of a brilliant play putting Columbia across the Harvard line. As a matter of fact, the game and the score really did not go together, for there were circumstances existing which the score failed to indicate. Chief among these was the fact that a well planned, although rather old, trick was attempted by Columbia on the very first play. The line-up for it was excellent and well conceived. The ball was toward the right of the centre of the field, and Columbia made a formation which indicated that the play was likely to go on the right side. Slocovitch, the Columbia end on the left, had meantime, unperceived, taken up his position at the extreme left edge of the field. The ball was snapped and passed out with a long pass to him. He had practically a clear field, and, had the pass reached him as intended, he would undoubtedly have made a long run. Unfortunately the pass was high, and he caught it out of bounds and was obliged to touch it in, and at the same time to touch it with his foot in order to effect the desired start of his run. This delayed him to such an extent that it rendered the play useless, and the laugh, which always greets the failure of a manifest trick play, taken together with the disappointment, put the Columbia team on the defensive at the very start.

Weekes, usually a sound, steady man, followed this play by unaccountable fumbling, and the entire Columbia team continued throughout the first half far below their expected standard. On the other hand, Harvard gained confidence,

and the combination of these two circumstances made Columbia seem much weaker than a fair measure of the two teams would have discovered. Columbia's game throughout showed possibilities, but those possibilities seldom became probabilities, and with the exception of a short period in the second half they were unable to make effective gains, and, while they stopped the centre plunging of Harvard very well, Sawin's runs around the end, with Ellis and Kendall as interferers, proved repeatedly too much for them, and netted Harvard most of her gains and touchdowns.

The game was at times rough, and there were frequent delays and some discussion. Dashiell, however, held up to his reputation for strictness and prevented the game from lapsing into an objectionable exhibition. Campbell and Sawin were most effective for Harvard, and aided very materially in the result. Columbia was plucky and kept at it well, even when circumstances seemed most adverse. On the defensive work, although it fell to the lot of Campbell to do the most effective stopping and work in the open, especially killing doubles and trick plays, the Harvard green line showed many evidences of the coaching of Lewis and Waters. This was most marked in their ability to play low, and also to use their hands and arms in starting the opposing line backward. In return for this Columbia's line held the plunges of that human battering ram, Ellis, exceedingly well, and their centre trio made a steadfast wall that refused to be torn asunder or hurdled. Wright, the Columbia guard, once more demonstrated the justness of his reputation as a powerful player. Once he even succeeded in breaking clean through and tackling Sawin, the Harvard half-back, behind the line for a loss. Williams, the old Stanford player, made a most sturdy centre. Austin and Smythe went off before a full measure of their work could be reached. There was one case of notable good judgment exhibited under trying conditions, and that was shown by Berrian of Columbia, when he caught a short high punt of his own back which was dropping directly in front of his goal. The chances were that his full-back might put him on side, and in that event he would save a touchdown. Even if his own man did not put him on side it was better for him to take the ball than to allow Harvard a fair catch in that position. Sykes handled the ball well, and Morley did some effective plunging in the second half. McKellar and Van Hovenberg held their side of the line very well, although it is only fair to say that Sawin's running is stronger on the other side, and that Campbell, the Harvard left, was superior to Harvard's right, either with Ristine or Farley. I have entered into this rather specific

comment upon the individuals composing Columbia's team and their work, because there is manifestly an especial interest centring about the attempt of the Blue and White to once more keep up a football team whose work shall be above the order of the ordinary second-rate haphazard playing. Then, too, there must naturally be curiosity as to the fortunes of a team whose management is sufficiently intrepid to undertake matches with every eleven of the first grade that is in sight. That Columbia failed to make much of a showing in actual net results in this game with Harvard is by no means to be taken as meaning that her team is inferior to the numerous trial horses of an October season. Any one who assumes that will be apt to make mistakes in predicting Columbia's future matches.

**YALE-DARTMOUTH**

As for the Yale-Dartmouth game, there is no doubt that many of the supporters of the New Haven team had looked for a higher score. Where the Yale team failed was in an ability to bring off end runs, and it always takes end runs to bring a score up in the short halves of the early part of the season. Yale tried end runs, but Dartmouth stopped them, and stopped them easily and surely. Hence Yale was forced back upon centre plunging, and the gains made on that kind of play do not mount up rapidly enough for high scores. But Yale, even though confined to straight plunging, had expected more. So it was, after all, a considerable solace to Dartmouth that the score should be kept under 20 points. Yale literally earned the 17 she made. Her backs were sent for all there was in them, and, aided by Captain Brown in voice and act, they hammered their way along, Hale being especially effective and holding his feet well. Dartmouth's ends were good, and they shot in and banked up the interference and the runner whenever Yale tried to get around outside. In fact, in this department and in the kicking the Dartmouth men more than held their own. Farmer of Dartmouth in the very opening of the play circled Yale's right, and for the only material gain his side made in running with the ball; but in exchanges of punts Halliday, the Dartmouth full-back, more than matched Yale's kicking. Wear, Yale's quarter, seemed to have a steady head and knew what was wanted. When he found end runs were useless, and that kicking was a losing game, he cast all mercy to the winds, and taking his best weapon, Hale, he simply hewed his way down to the goal with him. With his change backs, Miller, Chadwick and Hyde, in the second half he seemed equally able to smash the Dartmouth line.

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER J. H. HARE



DALY SHOWING ELLIS HOW TO HOLD THE BALL



MORLEY RECEIVING THE BALL



SUGDEN, SUBSTITUTE CENTRE



GRAYDON, LEFT TACKLE



COLUMBIA TRYING TO SEND ASHLEY THROUGH THE CENTRE



RISTINE, RIGHT END

COLUMBIA vs. HARVARD AT CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 13



CAMPBELL, LEFT END



COLUMBIA PUNTING FROM BEHIND HER OWN GOAL



ELLIS, FULL-BACK



SARGENT, CENTRE



KENDALL DOWNING WEEKES IN HIS EFFORT TO BREAK THROUGH THE LINE



KENDALL, RIGHT HALF-BACK

## COLUMBIA vs. HARVARD AT CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 13

MINNESOTA  
vs.  
CHICAGO

Minnesota scored a very distinct triumph in holding Chicago to a tie at six to six. Minnesota, moreover, scored her six first, and at the end of the first half had Chicago very mournful at six to nothing, with a prospect of staying so. In the second half, however, the redoubtable Henry succeeded in getting in a long run which gave Chicago relief and resulted in tying the score. The story of the game is soon told. Minnesota had been coached to make the most of every man on her team, not to let single brilliant stars perform the work. Her progress to Chicago's goal line was started by two rattling ten yard gains through centre, the guards being lifted out. Then Minnesota's tackle came swinging round Chicago's right end up to the ten yard line. Three downs took it over and the goal was promptly kicked. Chicago's score came more sensationally. Minnesota had punted to Chicago's twenty-five yard line. Chicago's right end, Pettit, went through left tackle for ten yards. Then Henry made his brilliant run for a touchdown. The game was played at Minneapolis, and naturally the home crowd was tremendously wrought up by the good showing of Williams' men. Williams and Stagg are old gridiron enthusiasts, and both of them strategists, so that the contest was of special interest.

Princeton's short Southern trip turned out anything but a pleasure jaunt for the team. Annapolis adding the crowning climax to the coaches' despair by holding the Tigers to a single touchdown. But that is just the kind of medicine every team needs to make it turn out a winning aggregation, and those who get that kind of medicine early in the season are far more apt to avoid it later on. Annapolis deserves a deal of credit for her work, but let the Navy remember last year, when all was promising during the greater part of the season only to turn gloomy at the very end. Football teams that come to their best rapidly are extremely apt to deteriorate after mid-season, and when a team once gets on that downhill path coaches cannot save. Princeton's wonderful team of '97 was an instance of this, and lost at last to an eleven that had only just begun to come to the front ten days before their final game. Last year the score of Princeton-Annapolis was exactly the same as this year, 5 to 0, and at the end of the season West Point overwhelmed Annapolis and Princeton defeated Yale. The playing of the Princeton team was erratic, but it has been that all the season, and it only means that the men are slow in getting together. Annapolis, on the other hand, with their excellent discipline, brought out all there was in them.

Those who have been regarding West Point as very weak this year were considerably surprised when the cadets simply walked over the Trinity eleven on the parade-grounds. That from the start there was no doubt as to which team was master of the situation is putting it mildly. One of the touchdowns, it is true, was made by Captain Smith on a kick which Bunker blocked, but that was only one. In fact, Bunker alone seemed quite able to push his way through the Trinity team, an ability he was not slow to utilize. West Point's new half, Lanson, showed up well, and promises to

make a strong runner with plenty of dash and determination. There was a renewal of that "getting together" which characterized the play of the cadets in that memorable match on Franklin Field last year, and Coach Koehler was indeed happy in seeing that spirit appear.

OTHER  
GAMES

Lafayette put up a strong, aggressive game against Swarthmore, but were careless enough to let a score be made against them on a safety. The decision was questioned, but that does not wipe out the two points. Lafayette was altogether too strong for Swarthmore on the running game, and her gains were made almost at will.

Lehigh took fierce delight in squaring accounts with Bucknell by a score of 12 to 6. The second touchdown was made almost on the very last tick of the watch, for less than half a minute of time remained to play.

Rutgers defeated Haverford 11 to 0.

PROGRESS OF  
FOOTBALL  
TEAMS

In the last days of October the big teams commence to get together, and are expected to enter November in fair shape. The games up to the present time have merely served to whet the appetites of the football enthusiasts for the November struggle.

HARVARD vs.  
PENNSYLVANIA

The first of these is the Harvard-Pennsylvania game at Cambridge on the 3d of November. As Harvard plays Yale at New Haven this year, this Pennsylvania game will be the event of the season on the Cambridge gridiron. Furthermore, it will mark the attempt of the University of Pennsylvania to demonstrate, either by a victory or a very close game, that her team is once more in the same class as Harvard, for the matches of the last two years have detracted much from Pennsylvania's prestige, and this must be regained if Pennsylvania graduates and undergraduates are to be satisfied.

As to the prospect of this match, resulting in a victory for Pennsylvania, this is far more likely than for the last two years. In fact, if the game were to be played at Philadelphia, the chances would be not far from even, and it may be that the Pennsylvania team, spurred along by the necessities of the occasion, will put up as plucky a game away from their home grounds as they did last year when they journeyed to Chicago. The date of this match is early for Harvard, and yet her team was quite developed in season for it last year when it occurred at an equally early comparative date. On that occasion Harvard took down a first-class team in good condition, and had things all her own way on the Pennsylvania field, Ellis simply crashing through Pennsylvania's line almost at will, and Harvard's half-backs making long gains around Pennsylvania's ends. On the other hand, the University of Pennsylvania's eleven was wholly unable to make ground against Harvard in any continued set of rushes. An occasional sporadic gain was all that they were able to secure, and the result was a disastrous defeat. Pennsylvania was weak in the kicking game, not only weak in execution, but in handling the kicking game when Harvard used it. The final score was 16 to 0 in Harvard's favor.

To compare the two teams on that record, and with their improvements and chances of this season, gives one the impression that Pennsylvania has benefited from her lesson, and is likely to make use of the experience. Her team, so far as the running game is concerned, is much more like the Pennsylvania team toward the end of last season than like the team that met Harvard. It will be remembered that when this running game was developed and properly executed, Pennsylvania ran through Cornell at will. How much of this was due to the weakness of Cornell's line is a question, but certainly not all of it. It is probable then that, so far as the running game is concerned, Pennsylvania will present a stronger front to Harvard by twenty per cent than she did last year. McCracken is a good ground gainer if properly supported, and so is Hare. On the occasion of Pennsylvania's last visit to Cambridge, Hare was simply run to death, used both as runner, interferer, punter and general defensive player. Last year he was helped out somewhat, but by no means enough, and if Woodruff has succeeded in coaching the rest of the team to a fair state of perfection, Hare ought to, with McCracken, make some good gains through the Harvard line. Meantime, Pennsylvania has by no means ignored the question of assaulting further out on the line than her use of plays against Harvard last year made possible.

Her guards-back is now arranged to deceive the opponents as to the direction of its course, and not rely alone upon deceiving them as to the individual who has possession of the ball. This is proving much more effective, and unless Harvard is able to pocket up the play, and remain steady without shifting her line, Pennsylvania should make some considerable gains. On the other hand, Pennsylvania has not yet been up against anything that could compare with the strength of the Harvard line in defence, and the fate of this play must, therefore, be decided when the teams come on the field.

Pennsylvania's kicking game, like her running game, is improved very much, and ought to be enough to help her when in difficulties as well as to supplement the running game upon occasion. The pitiable exhibition which Pennsylvania gave on the Harvard gridiron two years ago in the handling of Houghton's punting will hardly be repeated.

Turning to the other side of the question, while Pennsylvania has improved markedly in both her running and kicking departments, Harvard, when compared with her team the first of last November, can hardly be said to have shown an equal advance. Her men are playing a good individual game, but her team work is less united than it was when they appeared on the Philadelphia gridiron, and the team, as a team, does not impress one as possessing as much concentrated force as the team of 1899. On the ends it is very strong, and behind the line it has more power, but the line itself is more irregular, and while at times putting up the most stubborn game, its average of play is not as high as that of Captain Burden's team. The team is far less experienced in appearance at least, and in the way of handling themselves. There is little question but that Harvard will be able to make ground, for the team has scoring abilities, but the forwards cannot hold the line for the backs as well as they did last year, and as a result the play of the men behind the line is not as united.

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season, but merely comparing it with her team of last year, which was very good. Certainly good enough in this particular game which we are discussing to leave Pennsylvania with no living chance of victory and no possibilities of scoring. When the two teams come together, then, we shall have the following proposition: Pennsylvania considerably better in all departments than last season, and with practically a veteran team. Harvard with several places filled with new men and her general standard of work inferior to that of last year. Bringing these two together leads one to hope for a much more interesting contest than that of last year, and with some chance of unexpected developments during the play. Aside from flukes, the match ought to be anybody's, with the chances favoring the home team.

On this same day Princeton and Cornell will meet at Princeton, and will have a struggle that will be worth going far to see. Haughton, the Cornell coach, while he has had in the fact that he must save his team to put them in good shape for his final match with Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day, had enough enjoyment out of his victories in the middle of the season last year to lead him to desire some good work by that time this year. For that reason he means to bring a first-class organization down into Jersey. But the proposition is a different one from last season, and Princeton, like Pennsylvania, is far better than they were at this period last year. Their work is much more harmonious, the interference comes off better, and the players individually, while not as brilliant, are far steadier.

This same Saturday will find the Yale team at West Point. This match always turns out to be a pretty hard one for Yale, sometimes most exciting. This year, however, it seems as though the Yale team was better than last year, and that West Point was, at any rate, not superior and probably weaker than the same team a year ago. For this reason it is more than probable that Yale will win.

On election day a most interesting match will take place at Manhattan Field between Princeton and Columbia. Princeton defeated Columbia early in the season last year by scoring twice, and while the match will very likely be hotly contested, owing to the fact that both teams will have plenty of sympathizers at Manhattan or "Columbia" Field, it is not probable that Columbia, on her present record, will do better than she did last year against the same team. WALTER CAMP.

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